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LIZZIE.

I wonder of all wimmin air
Like Lizzie is when we go out
To theatres an' concerts where
Is things the papers talk about.
Do other wimmin fret an' stew
Like they wus being crucified—
Frettin' a show or concert through,
With wonderin' ef the baby cried?

Now Lizzie knows that gran'ma's there
To see that everything is right,
Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care
Ain't good enuff f'r baby, quite;
Yet what am I to answer when
She kind uv fidgets at my side,
An' asks me every now and then:
"I wonder if the baby cried?"

Seems like she seen two little eyes
A-pinin' f'r their mother's smile—
Seems like she heers the pleadin' cries
Uv one she thinks uv all the while;
An' so she's sorry that she come,
An' though she allus tries to hide
The truth, she'd ruther stay to hum
Than wonder ef the baby cried.

Yes, wimmin folks is all alike—
By Lizzie you kin jedge the rest;
There never wus a little tyke,
But that his mother loved him best.
And nex' to bein' what I be—
The husband of my gentle bride—
I'd wisht I wus that croodlin' wee,
With Lizzie wonderin' ef I cried.

—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

BREAKING THE DAY IN TWO.

When from dawn till noon seems one long day,
And from noon till night another,
O then should a little boy come from play
And creep into the arms of his mother.
Snugly creep and fall asleep,
O come, my baby, do,
Creep into my lap and with a creep
We'll break the day in two.

When the shades slant for afternoon,
When the midday meal is over,
When the winds have sunk themselves into a swoon,
And the bees drone in the clover,
Then a hie to me, hie, for a lullaby—
Come, my baby, do,
Creep into my lap, and with a nap
We'll break the day in two.

We'll break it in two with a crooning song
With a soft and soothing number,
For the day has no right to be so long,
And keep my baby from slumber.
Then rock-a-by, rock, while white dreams flock
Like angels over you,
Baby's gone—and the deed is done—
We've broken the day in two.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

Mr. M. C. Kiser, solemn after the manner of amen brethren, and scrupulous in statement as the wary witness who testified that his name was "Abraham Jones, or words to that effect," has yet this tale to tell.

He says it was told him many years ago by a gentleman of character and reputation for veracity

"Old man Lundsford was out hunting one day when he saw eleven turkeys sitting in a line on a rail fence. He had loaded his shotgun with turkey shot and forgotten to pull out the ramrod. When he shot at the nearest gobbler the rod enfiladed the turkeys and cut off all their heads, so that they dropped forward and fell on the ground, where they lay in a straight row.

"Just at then he heard a noise in the bushes on the other side of the creek, and going over to investigate the cause, he saw blood on the leaves. Following this sanguinary trail for a couple of hundred yards he came upon a wounded stag. The brute was unable to go farther and had sunk to the ground. Sticking through his body and protruding in the other side was the ramrod. Weak as he was the stag allowed Lundsford to pull out the rod. After it the life blood gushed, and in a moment the animal was dead.

"Wiping the blood carefully from the ramrod he reloaded and returned it to its place under the gun barrel.

"Then he shouldered the buck and staggered across the creek to the place where the turkeys lay.

"As he sat down to get his breath and rest from the unusual exertion, he heard the familiar 'cronk! cronk!' of wild geese away up in the sky. Their keen eyes discovered the creek, and down they came to a broad and deep pool made by a widening of the channel a hundred yards above.

"Afraid to go within gunshot for fear of frightening them off, Lundsford sat still and thought the matter over. As he did so his eye fell upon a stout piece of very large cord, the end of which hung out of his hunting bag. A happy thought struck him and he pulled out the cord to see if it was long enough. It was fifteen feet; that was enough and to spare.

"Coiling the cord carefully around his left arm, he crept cautiously to a bend of the creek where he was out of sight of the geese. Quickly divesting himself of his clothing, he waded slowly up the creek, keeping well under the bank to avoid frightening the geese. The bend concealed him from them until he was within about thirty yards.

"Through the overhanging foliage he could just see them sailing, diving and cavorting about the pool. They were in high spirits, and appeared to be totally unconscious that they were watched. There were fourteen geese and one big gander, who kept aloof and looked on at the sport as if it was a little too undignified for him.

"Lundsford had been a wonderful diver in his boy days, and now he prepared for a long swim under the surface. Dipping noiselessly in the water, he half swam, half crawled, terrapin fashion, along the bottom of the pool till he got under the geese. They were disporting themselves about in a circle, and Lundsford slowly rose in the center till the top of his head appeared like a moss covered rock above the surface. The geese took no notice of this, and he managed to get his nostrils above the surface and take a long breath.

"Then he sank without making a ripple and deftly looped his cord around the feet of one goose after another. The other geese could not understand the queer capers of their neighbors, who seemed suddenly to be attacked with a fit of the St. Vitus dance, until, one by one, they found themselves in the same predicament. Then they all knew they were tied, and their demeanor became suddenly frantic.

"But it was too late. Lundsford had tied the feet of all fourteen of them and fastened the ends of the cord together. Then he threw caution to the winds and rose suddenly in the middle of a circle with his hands stretched out grasping the cord on opposite sides.

"Alas, for his temerity! The old gander who was free set up a terrible 'cronk! cronk!' The geese answered in notes of despair, but the old fellow seemed not to have lost the courage of leadership, for he hovered within a safe distance, and by a series of energetic cronks inspired them with a sudden and desperate resolution.

"All at once the gander, with an unearthly cronk that sounded to Lundsford like the wail of the damned, lifted his clumsy body and led the flight. With a tremendous flopping and a succession of cronks that strangely resembled the 'Heave, ho!' of the negroes, they rose from the water and sailed away toward the sky, carrying Lundsford with them. Before he knew what was going to happen he was fifty feet from the ground, and when he realized his perilous position he was too high to drop. He was in for the flight. He must migrate whether or no, and up under the edges of the clouds, as the cool winds of the upper air fanned the perspiration from his brow, he had time to think over the situation. Where would he land, and how far from home? Would these fool birds drop him in the ocean or the gulf? In the meantime his position was exceedingly irksome. He had managed to draw the two sides of the circle together, so that he was virtually standing in the stirrups of his many winged steed, but he was standing on his hands and his arms began to tire. The geese on his right and left were so close that their wings rubbed against his bare sides and chafed them. They tickled his ribs, and but for the peril and pain of the situation he would have been forced into involuntary laughter.

He was many times reminded of the ludicrous aspect of the situation, and repeatedly asked himself whether he was not the biggest goose in the lot.

"All thought of mirth soon left him. The situation had changed from discomfort to extreme peril. The muscles of his arms could not stand it much longer. A cold sweat gathered on his brow, and he began to nerve himself for the worst. He was resolved to face death like a brave man, and he almost convinced himself that he was willing to go, but to die at the hands of a lot of geese was a disgrace to which his lofty spirit would not be reconciled.

"To the bitterness of this disgrace and the agony of leaving all that was dear in life, a new and unspeakable horror was now added. He was passing over a town and he could see the people gather in clusters along the streets and twist their necks to look up in the sky. It was a large town and the suburbs stretched away for nearly a mile. To his unutterable horror he remembered that he had left his clothes on the bank of the creek. Even if he had had them it would have been impossible to put them on. This new fangled vehicle of his had no facilities for making toilettes and he had to remain as nature formed him, without any of the superfluities of fashion. Not even a fig leaf encumbered his person. It was an admirable flying costume, but was not appropriate for a public performance. He was just congratulating himself that he was too far above those curious eyes for them to discover his costume when he saw that one group held something in their hands. It was a long field glass. He bent his agonized face once more rigidly to the front. At least they would not recognize him.

"Just at this time he noticed that the occasional cronks began to grow feebler, and that the geese appeared to labor in their flight. They were becoming tired, and must inevitably sink under his weight very soon. Then he prayed that the wings of the geese might be strengthened for a season. He was willing even, like Jonah, to be cast into the sea, anything, rather than land in that town. Then he clucked encouragingly to his fourteen winged steeds and gently jerked the cord as if he were jerking the reins of his horse, but still they labored. The old gander's hoarse 'cronk! cronk!' seemed to mock him in his despair and his downcast spirit began to sink.

"All at once he heard something whiz by him and he saw a puff of blue smoke away down below. A second or two later he heard the sharp crack of a rifle, the sound having traveled slower than the ball.

"His blood almost froze in his veins. Horror had been added to horror, and his spirits sank in the depths of despair.

"But the darkest hour was just before the dawn. The whiz of the bullet and the report of the gun had frightened the geese and nerved them to renewed exertions. They made one desperate effort to reach the friendly cover of the woods. Lundsford's spirits rose as he saw that the geese were likely to accomplish their object. Now the cronks of the gander seemed more cheerful, and the breezes brought a grateful coolness to the man's fevered brow. He began to hear the solemn laugh of the forest as the suburbs disappeared and the song of the pines soothed him like an eolian harp.

A mile or so from town the gander gave a peculiar "cronk" at the sight of water, and the geese began circling to descend. With an indescribable feeling of relief, Lundsford tightened his grip as his winged chariot swung round the circle and he recked not out of the icy coolness of the pool into which he was plunged.

Having made fast the end of the cord to a tree he began to consider what he would do. Fortunately at this juncture he heard a dog bark, and following the friendly sound he soon came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. Concealing himself in the underbrush, he shouted a loud hello. A woman came to the door, looked around curiously and went back.

"'Hello!' he cried again.

"Then the man came to the door and he recognized a former tenant.

"'Hello, Goddard!' he cried.

"'Hello yourself; but why don't you come out of the brush?'

"'Because I ain't fitten.'

"'Ain't fitten?'

"'No, I haven't got on any clothes.'

"'Who are you, anyhow?'

"'Come a little nearer and I'll tell you.'

"The man was a little skeptical and came out cautiously with his gun in his hand.

"'Who are you now?' he called out when thirty steps off.

"'Sam Lundsford.'

"'Sam Lundsford in that fix! Well, I reckon I'll have to help you out.' And he went in and got the best suit of clothes he could spare and flung them over in the bushes. Sam jumped into them and then sheepishly came forward and told his story.

"Goddard's eyes opened wide as he listened, and he evidently thought Lundsford was off his balance, but when he went with him to the creek and saw the wild geese tethered to the tree he no longer doubted.

"Goddard lent him a horse and Lundsford went home. He hitched up his five mules to the wagon and went after the deer and turkeys.

"He found them just as he had left them, and loading up the wagon with the game, he started home.

"When he got within a couple of miles of his home, a heavy shower came up. He got soaked, but didn't mind that so long as he had the turkeys and the deer, while the geese had already been carried home.

"He forgot all about his rawhide traces, and did not notice that they were stretching. He bestrode one of the mules, and they quietly walked on. It was a straight road home, with only a little undulating.

"When he stopped the mules in the yard and dismounted, he was astonished to find that there was no wagon in sight. There were the traces, stretching away over the hill in parallel lines as far as he could see. Taking in the situation at a glance, he drove the mules round a big oak tree once or twice, unhitched them and put them in the stable. The next morning when he got up the wagon was standing in the yard, with the deer and turkeys scattered all about. The wagon tongue had been thrust through the oak tree and was never pulled out. You can go there and see it remaining to this day."—W. G. C. in Atlanta Constitution.

Excellent Advice.

Let the man or woman who values life have a care when on or near deep waters. To one unable to swim a wave of fierce flame could scarcely be more swiftly fatal than immersion in the stream that seems so tranquil, cool and harmless. The sacrifice each summer of so many valuable lives by drowning is largely an unnecessary waste of human material. Every boy and every girl should be taught to swim, just as they are taught to read and write. But it will be long years, no doubt, before the consciousness of this truth shall penetrate the dull senses of school boards and directors.—Philadelphia Record.

Spenser's Ill Luck.

When Spenser had finished his famous poem of the "Faerie Queene" he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer £20. Reading on, he cried in rapture, "Carry that man another £20." Proceeding farther, he exclaimed, "Give him £20 more." But finally, rolling the MS. up in a frenzied manner, he cried: "Here, take him back his poem. I am am too poor to buy it of him."—Harper's Magazine.

AN EX-TRAMP'S STORY.

WHY HE NEVER CAN REFUSE A POOR FELLOW A QUARTER.

He Went to See His Sweetheart and Had to Steal a Ride Home—An Escaped Convict Exchanges Clothing with Him—His Experience in Actual Tramping.

One of these gentlemen took a quarter from his pocket and handed it to the old man, at the same time saying to his friends that he could never refuse a tramp money, because he had once been a tramp himself. He was immediately assailed by a storm of inquiries, and finally told this story of his strange experiences:

You gentlemen may not know, he said, that at one time I was a clerk here in Atlanta. I didn't like standing behind a counter all day and I found it especially hard work to keep my mind on my business, because all my thoughts were taken up by a dear girl who lived a long way off. It was my habit to go down twice a month to see her. I would leave Atlanta Saturday afternoon, spend Sunday with her and return in time for work Monday morning. These little trips used up all my spare cash and I was kept in a constant state of dead broke. A time came when I had to buy a new suit of clothes, and when I had paid for them I had just enough money left to buy a railroad ticket to the place where my sweetheart lived and return. I thought nothing of that, however, as I was in the habit of staying with the young lady's father over the one night I remained. As bad luck would have it, when I reached the place the house was full of company and I was obliged to go to the hotel. I didn't sleep much and didn't have a very good time. The next day I was thinking all the time how I was going to get back. I thought I would borrow the money from the girl's father. I hated that so much that I concluded to jump my hotel bill instead.

RESULT OF A BRIGHT IDEA.

Suddenly a bright idea occurred to me. I could pay my bill, leave like a gentleman and then hide in an empty freight car, and so return to Atlanta. That night I said good-by at the usual time and left for the depot. But instead of taking the passenger train I slipped around and crawled into a box car. After a long wait I heard some one running over the roof of the car, and soon after we pulled out. It was rough riding, but finally I grew sleepy and, placing my traveling bag under my head, lay down. I could see the stars through the open door and lay there and watched them, thinking of the dear girl I had left behind me, until, worn out by anxiety, I fell asleep.

I must have slept very soundly, because I had only an indistinct sensation of stopping several times and backing, with occasional severe jolts. After one of these stops I must of half awakened, because I seemed to see a man's head looking into the car. Just as we were moving ahead again the head rose until a complete man seemed outlined between me and the shining stars outside. I started up, feeling sure some one was in the car besides myself. It was dark as pitch, except just by the open door, and I could distinguish nothing. I called and asked if any one was there, but received no answer. Then I thought it was all a dream and lay down again and went to sleep.

I was rudely awakened by a kick in the ribs, and as I tried to rise something struck me on the head, knocking me flat. Then I heard a voice out of the darkness, telling me take off my clothes or my brains would be knocked out. I tried to remonstrate, but another blow on the head was my only answer. When I came to myself I was quite naked, and sitting in the door I could see the figure of a man. As I moved he sprang up and came to where I was lying. He kicked towards me the clothes he had himself taken off and told me to put them on. It was too dark to see anything, besides I was bewildered by the blows on the head and very cold, so I did as I was told. This figure which I could indistinctly see stood by with a club ready to strike until the train began to slow, then he ran to the door and jumped out.

IN A TIGHT FIX.

Finally we reached a station, and I saw a man run out from the depot and say a few words to the train hands. Then the whole party came toward the place where I was concealed, and as they did so I heard a few words, among them "convict"—"telegraphed"—"escaped"—"this train"—were plainly distinguishable. Suddenly a bright light flashed into my car and I heard them all cry, "He's here!" Then half a dozen men jumped in, seized me and dragged me into the depot. For a moment the light in the room blinded me after the darkness. Then I caught sight of my own figure in a small glass over the mantelpiece and started back with horror. I was dressed in the striped clothes of a convict. I tried to explain, but the men would not listen to me. They threw me into a small closet and locked the door. I could hear my captors talking on the outside, and the station master told how a notorious criminal had escaped from a convict camp down below, and how he had been telegraphed to search every train for him, as it was thought he might have concealed himself in a box car to get away.

The next morning a man came who said he was a sheriff, and put handcuffs on me and took me to jail. I tried to talk to him and tell him all my troubles, but he would not listen to me. He told me, however, that some one from the prison camp from which I was supposed to have escaped, would be up that evening and take me back. My situation was very hard. I entered that car only intending to steal a ride, and I was taken from it a convicted and sentenced burglar.

That night the convict camp keeper arrived, and as soon as he saw me he began to swear frightfully. He told them I was not the man he wanted. Then they began to believe my story, but even then they only believed it in part. They concluded that I was a tramp trying to steal a ride and scouted the idea of my being a gentleman. Early the next morning they gave me some old clothes, very ragged and dirty, and a pair of old shoes, and told me to clear out. I didn't know a soul in the place, and every one I asked for help turned away from me with some remark about the cheek of a tramp. Finally I was forced to really become a tramp and made my way home on foot. I tried to steal another ride on a freight train, but they found me and kicked me off, so I walked all the way home, begging a little food by the way. It took me two days to do it. Fortunately it was night when I arrived here. I slipped into my room like a thief and I did not feel like an honest man again until I had taken a bath and burned my tramp's outfit.

"I suppose," remarked one of the listening senators, "that that little trip cured you of going to see that particular sweetheart."

"No, it didn't," replied the ex-tramp. "She is my wife now, but I can never refuse a fellow a quarter when I see he is down on his luck."—I. M. W. in Atlanta Constitution.

He Had the Necessary Training.

Araminta—You put your arm around my waist so gracefully, George.

George—I have had lots of practice. I was a street car conductor five years.—Epoch.

Forgetful.

The emptiness of our common every day salutations was never more neatly illustrated perhaps, than in this little dialogue:

Brown—Have you seen Robinson lately, Dumley? I hear he has been sick.

Dumley—Yes, I saw him this morning.

Brown—How is he?

Dumley—Well, I declare! I forgot to ask him. I just said, "How are you, old man?" and passed on.—Youth's Companion.

IN CROWDED TENEMENTS.

MORE THAN A MILLION PEOPLE LIVE IN THEM IN NEW YORK.

The Difference Between Apartment Flats and Tenement Houses—Some of the Latter That Swarm with Occupants—Facts Known Only to the Initiated.

How does a tenement house differ from the flat or apartment house? It does not differ at all, except that the buildings dignified by the name of "flats" and "apartments" are a better class of buildings and are occupied by a better class of people. Strictly speaking, a tenement house is one that is occupied by more than one family, so that all the handsome flat buildings may be classed under this one term with all the tenement houses in the city.

This is speaking legally; but, of course, every one knows that as to details there is a wide difference between the ordinary tenement house and a first class flat house. In the latter every attention is paid to insure to each tenant privacy, comfort and elegance, while in the former but little attention is paid to these things, comparatively speaking; and for obvious reasons. Luxury cannot be had for the rent that is paid by the occupants of these tenement houses, and they are of a class who neither know of nor want the elegancies of life.

STARTLING FIGURES.

A census was taken by the police of New York of all the persons living in tenement houses; that is, in what are generally called tenement houses, and not the flats occupied by the better class of people. In these tenement houses, then, of which there are 35,390, the population is over 1,000,000, comprising 264,972 families. Many of these houses are what are called "double deckers," which have a hall in the center and four flats on each floor, and are from four to six stories in height.

The flats average about four rooms each, and the rents are from $12 to $36 a month. In these houses the plumbing is excellent, owing to the inspection by the health officers, and in many instances it is said to be better than the plumbing in a large number of private houses that do not come within the jurisdiction of the health board. And it is said that the death rate is higher in private houses than in the tenement houses, in spite of the overcrowding.

But these are not the worst kind of tenement houses; they are the best. The buildings not originally intended for tenements, but altered over for the habitation of families, are apt to be dark, unhealthy and uncomfortable. The most densely populated tenement district is south of Tompkins square and east of Second avenue, and down in Hester, Ludlow, Bayard and Essex streets and in the neighborhood of Baxter street. But none of these tenement houses are so large as some of the big apartment houses uptown. The biggest tenement, known as "the big flat," and running from Elizabeth to Mott street, was probably the largest tenement house in the city.

In it were gathered people of all nationalities and religions, and of no religion and no morals. But this building was taken down, and now a big manufacturing establishment fills its place. Often under one number are included four or five houses, in an alleyway, of four or five stories, each story containing four flats, and into one of these small flats, besides the family, will be crowded several boarders, whose small sum for board or lodging, or both, helps defray the expenses of the rent.

"DONOVAN'S LANE."

Such a community is at No. 14 Baxter street. Entering at this number, a passage led to the three houses in the rear, and beyond them into Pearl street. This was formerly called "Donovan's lane," and was a favorite thoroughfare for thieves and worse characters, who ran through here to escape the police. It was the board of health that suggested the building of a high brick wall at the houses in the rear of No. 14, to close up this thoroughfare, and it was done. But an excellent representation of the spot was given in "Pique," that was played some years ago. In one scene Fanny Davenport is out in a snow storm and sinks down at the corner of one of these rear buildings. There were, probably, only a few who saw that play who knew that the scenery was an exact copy of a portion of a Baxter street tenement house. No. 14 now includes five houses, the house on the street being the largest of them. It is five stories high, about 25 feet front and 75 deep, and is occupied chiefly by Italians. In these five houses dwell 246 persons over 5 years of age and thirty-three under 5 years, making a total of 279, and only four deaths have occurred here during the past year.

Nos. 33, 35 and 37 Baxter street are the average tenement house, and were built by Buddensiek, but it was not until after he sold them that the plumbing was found defective and the walls were condemned. The board of health took them in hand, and now they are as healthy as the other houses and quite as full. Four stories high, with four flats on each floor, they accommodate sixteen families.

These are very small figures compared to the big apartment houses. The large building called the Dakota, that overlooks Central park, contains sixty-three apartments, which accommodate about nine hundred persons, and the house is full. The eight Navarro buildings, that contain from thirteen to sixteen apartments each, have accommodations for 125 families. The Hawthorne, with its eight stories, contains sixteen flats, and the Osborne, eleven stories high, contains nearly double that number. The Grenoble, seven stories in height, contains over twenty flats, and the Strathmore, with its nine stories, shelters eighteen families. Small towns in themselves, these big buildings might be called, but tenement houses they are. And scattered about the city are innumerable small houses of five or six stories, containing two flats on each floor, on a plan closely resembling the better class of tenement houses.—New York Star.

The Drummer's Ruse.

A short time ago, a drummer from abroad called at a Bangor livery stable and wanted a double team for a ten day's trip into the country, and the stable man refused to let him one on the ground that he was a stranger. There was much discussion over the matter and finally the drummer said: "What is your team worth?" "Four hundred and fifty dollars," was the reply. "If I pay you that sum for it, will you buy it back again when I return?" asked the customer, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, he promptly put up the cash. Ten days later he returned and driving into the stable, he alighted and entered the office, saying, "Well, here is your team and now I want my money back." The sum was passed to him and he turned and was leaving the place when the livery man called out, "Look here, aren't you going to settle for that team?" "For what team?" asked the drummer, in a surprised tone. "For the one you just brought back." "Well, now," drawled the drummer, "you aren't fool enough to think that I would pay anybody for the use of my own property, are you?" and he shook the dust of the place from his feet.—Bangor Commercial.

A Little Moses.

A man named McAul, residing at Verona, Pa., noticed a large piece of driftwood floating down the river. He was impelled to go to it—he could not tell why—which he did in a boat. To his intense surprise he found in the center of it a cradle, in which a few months' old baby lay, which looked up into his face and laughed. He took the child to his house, where it is now well cared for.—[illegible]

SINGULAR SHOWERS.

REMARKABLE STORIES BASED ON ACTUAL OCCURRENCES.

Raining Frogs, Fish and Flesh—Colored Rain and Snow—The "Kentucky Meat Shower"—The Most Satisfactory Explanation—Shower of Insects.

The very singular phenomenon familiarly known as the "rain of frogs" has been ridiculed and contradicted by some scientists, but there is abundant proof that such occurrences are by no means rare. One of the earliest narratives of this kind is that communicated to the French academy by Professor Pontus in 1804, in which he gives an account of a shower of frogs near Toulouse, and states that he himself saw numerous young frogs on the cloaks of two gentlemen who were caught in the shower on the road. When the diligence in which he was traveling arrived at the place where the storm burst, the roads and fields were observed to be absolutely full of frogs. In some places they appeared to be three or four deep, and the horses' hoofs killed thousands during the passage of the vehicle through the spot.

A SHOWER OF FROGS.

An instance of a no less curious frog shower in our own country is related by a writer in The Overland Monthly, who says that in the year 1864 he was with a number of other tourists traveling in Arizona at least twenty miles from any stream or pond. The day being exceedingly sultry, a halt was made for a rest of an hour or two, when suddenly a dense black cloud made its appearance, which soon began to discharge a copious rain. Nearly every person in the party wore a broad brimmed felt hat, which proved a great protection against the rain, as they had already been against the sun. The attention of the travelers was soon arrested by a vigorous pelting of something which seemed like hailstones upon their sombreros, but which, greatly to their surprise, proved to be a species of diminutive frogs. In less than two minutes the grass was fairly alive with these little creatures.

They were all of one size, about a quarter of an inch long, very lively, and apparently in the best condition. Their fall had evidently been broken by the elastic, springy nature of the grass. Alluding to the theory advanced by some scientists, that in such cases the frogs must of necessity have arisen from the ground, the writer says: "It is not probable that several hundred thousand, perhaps millions, of frogs had suddenly been hatched into life by the rain, or, if they had, that, in their infantile glee, they jumped 5 feet 11 inches from the earth to the top of our heads merely to show how the game of leap frog should be played. They came from above, in company with the rain, and this fact was made clear by holding out the hand and seeing them fall upon it, as well as finding them upon our hat rims."

RAINING FISH.

To judge from a number of instances related in Chambers' "Book of Days," it would seem that the cases of fish falls, in the old country, at least, outnumber those of frogs to a considerable degree. On the 14th of April, 1828, Maj. Mackenzie, of Rosshire, while walking in a field on his farm, saw a great portion of the ground covered with herring fry three to four inches in length, fresh and entire. The spot was all of three miles from the Firth of Dingwell. About two years later, in the Island of Islay, in Argyleshire, after a day of very heavy rain, the inhabitants were surprised to find a large number of fresh herrings strewn over their fields. More recently a Wick newspaper stated that one morning a large quantity of the same species of fish were found scattered in a garden in that town. These, it is stated, the peasants cooked and ate, though not without misgivings as to the possibility of some satanic agency having been concerned in transferring them to such a spot.

One of the most curious instances of this nature is related by an English officer, who, while residing in Calcutta, saw a quantity of live fish descend in a heavy shower of rain. "The most strange thing that struck me in connection with this event," said the officer, "was that the fish did not fall helter skelter, everywhere, or here and there, but in an even, straight line, not more than a cubit in breadth." Of all remarkable events of this character, however, the most sensational was the famous "Kentucky meat shower" which mystified so many people some twenty years ago. This was at first regarded by many as a hoax, but was found to be a veritable occurrence, although hardly susceptible of a thoroughly satisfactory explanation. This "flesh fall" took place on the farm of a Mr. Crouch, which was in a spot surrounded by high hills and mountains, in Bath county, Ky. This account, given by Mrs. Crouch, was substantially as follows:

A KENTUCKY STORY.

"Between 11 and 12 o'clock I was in my yard, not more than forty steps from the house. There was a light wind coming from the west, but the sky was clear and the sun was shining brightly. Without any prelude or warning of any kind, and exactly under these circumstances, the shower commenced. The fall was of not less than one nor more than two minutes' duration. When the flesh began to fall I saw a large piece strike the ground close by me, with a snapping like noise when it struck. I was impressed with the conviction that it was a miracle or a warning. The largest piece that I saw was as long as my hand and about half an inch wide. It looked gristly, as if it had been torn from the throat of some animal. Another piece that I saw was half round in shape and about the size of a half dollar."

An old hunter, residing in the neighborhood, on being shown a piece of the flesh declared it to be bear meat, and stated that it had "that uncommonly greasy feel" peculiar to the flesh of that animal. A butcher who was persuaded to taste the meat changed his mind about swallowing any of it, and declared that it tasted neither like flesh, fish or fowl. It looked to him like mutton, but the smell was a new one. Some of the meat was quite dry, and there seemed to be a fine, wool like fiber running through it. A great deal of the flesh was sent to chemists and others in various parts of the country, and analyses were made by several well known scientists. Professor J. L. Smith was at first inclined to pronounce it the dried spawn of frogs, but as it was found under the microscope to possess undoubted characteristics peculiar to the flesh of animals, this theory was abandoned. Perhaps the most reasonable explanation is that of Professor Peter, of Lexington, Ky., who believed the fall of flesh to be simply the result of a kind of post-prandial disgorging by a flock of buzzards who had been feasting themselves more abundantly than wisely on the carcass of a sheep. This is the simplest, and, perhaps, after all, the most satisfactory explanation that can be given of the supposed miracle.

Of showers of insects there are a few instances on record, and it is undoubtedly true that the so called colored rain and snow storms are in many cases caused by minute insects and shells of infusoria carried into the atmosphere by the winds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Gladstone was in parliament at 22, and at 24 was lord of the treasury.

A Much Needed Rest.

"Say, Samsinger, I hear you people have sent your pastor to Europe for a long vacation. Why, I saw him last week, and a stronger, healthier looking man I never want to see. He doesn't need a rest." "I should say not, we sent him away to give the congregation one."—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

THE DEATH OF JOHN ADAMS.

He Passes Away July 4 Listening to the Sounds of Rejoicing.

After a long and brilliant career John Adams retired to his home in Quincy, Mass., intending to complete a history of his times before his death. He was then nearly 70 years old, and did not hope to live many years. Indeed, he predicted that his vanity and bad temper would throw him into a fit of apoplexy from which he expected never to recover, and it is a wonder he did not, for his florid, corpulent frame was little calculated to resist such an attack. Yet he lived nearly another quarter of a century, dying in his 92d year, on the Fourth of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of American independence. The animosities of his public life were forgotten, and nothing is more beautiful than the friendship, embittered by many years of political opposition, that was revived between John Adams and Thomas Jefferson in old age.

As the Fourth of July approached the whole nation prepared to celebrate the event, and invitations poured in on the two ex-presidents who had borne so conspicuous a part in the establishment of independence to grace this occasion with their presence. But it became manifest before the day arrived that John Adams would not even be able to attend the celebration in Quincy. He was failing gradually in body, but he was alive to all that passed about him. June 30 a delegation was sent to ask him for a toast to be proposed in his name.

"Independence forever!" he replied.

"Nothing else?" in astonishment from those who remembered his old time florid style of oratory.

"Not another word. Would you gild refined gold?"

The same day he said: "I desire no other inscription over my gravestone than this: 'Here lies John Adams, who took upon himself the responsibility of the peace with France in the year 1800.'"

The morning of July 4 he lay listening to all the sounds of rejoicing, with his immediate family about him. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon he took leave of them and, saying "Jefferson still survives," expired. Jefferson had died three hours before at Monticello. The news of John Adams' death reached his fellow townsmen as they were leaving the hall after the celebration. They immediately stopped their rejoicing, and forming a procession, marched with muffled drumbeats past the house where he lay.—Chicago Tribune.

Persian Pleas for Fleas.

At a village near Kermanshah I begged ten minutes' leave from a curious crowd for the purpose of bathing in an irrigation channel. Before I could dress the villagers were upon me, and, the headman noticing that I was covered with bites and stings, the result of sleeping or, rather, of sleepless vigils, on the floors of filthy caravansaries, I sorrowfully remarked that there was no country like Persia for insect tortures. "How else?" said he; "it is the country of Nasr-ud-din-Shah." "Was this meant in compliment to his majesty?" I asked. "How else?" said he; "could aught be said in any other spirit of the center of the world's adoration?" "No, of course not," but I did not understand. He fixed the audience with his eye, and while I tried to struggle into my clothing, said: "These insects are as good as a daily bleeding. No man can be bled daily. Praise be to God, who devised this substitute in the land of Iran!"—The Nineteenth Century.

"As the Boys Say."

One day a learned clergyman, conversing in the waiting room of a Boston railway station, made the remark: "And they got away, as the boys say, by the skin of their teeth."

At this a small boy who was standing near stepped up to the clergyman, and, taking off his hat politely, asked: "Did I understand you to say, sir, that the boys say that?"

"Why, yes," said the clergyman, a little puzzled; "they do, don't they, sometimes?"

"May be, sir," said the boy; "but they had to read it in the Bible first."

"Why, so they did, really!" said the clergyman, laughing.

He had remembered, all at once, that the phrase, "With the skin of my teeth," is found in the book of Job.

"As the boys say" is a very common phrase, but those who use it generally forget that the boys learn most of their sayings from their elders.—Youth's Companion.

Danger of Drinking Ice Water.

Water for drinking purposes should never be below 50 degrees. We can almost always get it even in the hottest weather as cool as this by letting it run for a minute or two from any household faucet, or drawing it from any country well. If not, there is no objection to cooling it to the point mentioned. The East India "monkey," which can now be had almost anywhere in this country, and by means of which the contained water is cooled by its own evaporation, answers the purpose admirably. I am quite sure that if ice water should be generally discarded as a drink, the average duration of life would be lengthened and existence rendered more tolerable.—Dr William A. Hammond.

Water Cress.

The water cress is a weed, pure and simple. It can never be anything else. Efforts to cultivate it and produce a better and more delicate species have been made, and signally failed. Under artificial treatment it loses the faint, piquant, mustard flavor that is its especial charm, and assumes much of the hot, pungent taste of the horse radish. It flourishes for nearly nine months in the year, and, as it is constantly renewing itself, the large, coarse leaves of the old plants may be left to wither, and only the young delicate stems picked. It will not bear cooking of any kind, but eaten raw with a little salt, and fresh bread and butter, it is—well, try it.—New York Sun.

The Trust Principle.

A curious case of the application of the principle of trusts is found on Staten Island and the ferries of the East river in New York. An Italian has gradually outbid other competitors and secured control of all boot blacking privileges. These he works by means of small Italian boys. Here is the way individualism and natural competition are collapsing before concentration. The socialists, nationalists and individualists all use such facts in a different way; but it really looks as though the Twentieth century would try some social experiments not much in favor as yet.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Straight Talk.

Head Waiter—Hope you are not going to forget the waiter, sir.

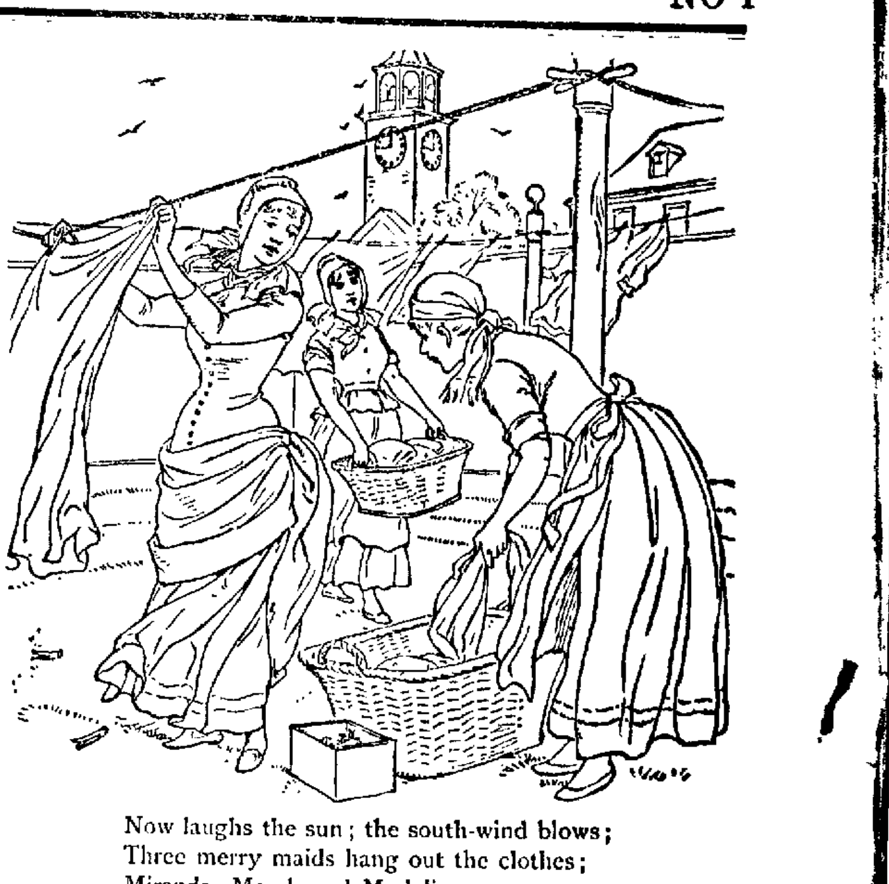
Guest—No, sir; I'm not going to forget him nor forgive him, either. Why don't you go to work and quit begging? Hang me, if I haven't half a mind to have you arrested for vagrancy.

Head Waiter—But, sir, I have employment, sir; the proprietors of this hotel, sir, are my employers, sir.

Guest—Then why don't they pay you enough to keep you from begging? Hang me if I don't have them arrested, too, as accessories before the fact.—Boston Transcript.

Change and Rest.

Col. Ingersoll tells a good story of the late and lamented Larry Jerome. One day he was leaving a Saratoga hotel, when the proprietor asked him, as a favor, to write a sentiment with his autograph in the register. Uncle Larry thought a moment and then wrote: "I came to this hotel for a change and rest. The waiters got the change and the landlord got the rest."—Brooklyn Citizen.



Now laughs the sun; the south-wind blows;
Three merry maids hang out the clothes;
Miranda, Maud, and Madaline;
They hear the village clock ring nine.
Quoth Maud: "Why are we done so soon?
The washing used to last till noon?"
Two rosy mouths in chorus ope,
"Oh! now we use the Ivory Soap."

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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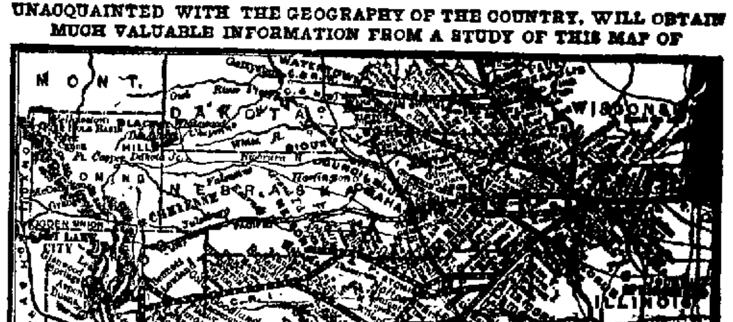
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1889

Are We Going to Be Ruined?

This time it is Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe who has made up his mind that the country is going to be ruined whether or not. This is to be brought about by the conquering of the United States by aliens. In The Forum the bishop writes that the government has stood for a century because it was founded by the Anglo-Saxon race. Washington was of pure Anglo-Saxon stock, with all its traditions in his soul, and the Anglo-Saxon stock is the only one that is capable of self government. Thus far we have held fast to our long tried institutions. But now:

> We are confronted by the terrible fact that we are undergoing changes similar to those which have been the ruin of ancient peoples in many examples. Successive invasions of Spain made for her a mongrel race, and have fastened upon her a chronic state of decay and imbecility. In a more stealthy fashion, but with equal powers to obliterate, hordes of barbarians are now flooding our fair estate and taking possession of our heritage. We do not recognise the immigration as an invasion, which it really is, simply because the invaders land without arms and ammunition. We forget that they come with weapons of fatal import to our civilization and to our race. Vice, ignorance, corruption, superstition and hereditary enslavement to a foreign court which makes war upon all free institutions, are the destructive elements, worse than dynamite bombs, which they distribute through the land. What boots their lack of guns and bayonets? We give the invaders votes, and they are soon drilled and magnified into a "balance of power" which makes them our masters.

Who are these villains that are going to bring upon us the "swift destruction sure to overtake any people that will not be instructed by the experiences of mankind?" In the words of Bishop Coxe they are 'practically Irish, and Irish always."

New York is ruled by aliens, who have turned its government into the hands of a religious sect governed by priests. That, the bishop fears, will be the end of the whole country, and then will come the overthrow of our sacred national traditions.

Girls in the West.

The mayor of Tacoma, W. T., it is said, sent the following circular to the mayor of Boston. It speaks for itself:

> Resolved, That the Mayor and common council of the city of Tacoma appeal to the people of Massachusetts to send all women of marriageable age to this territory and city that can be conveniently spared, for the purpose of making happy thousands of young men in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Also a resolution

> That this proclamation be forwarded to his honor the mayor of Boston, with the request that he publish it broadcast throughout the land and in the hope that the newspapers print it once a week for at least three weeks.

The circular professes to be accompanied by a letter from Mayor Wheelwright, of Tacoma, saying that there are ten men to one woman in Washington, that they are sober, industrious and intelligent, and that women are greatly needed to complete the civilization of the state, and that they will be warmly welcomed.

The letter is naturally sent to Massachusetts on account of the 80,000 surplus women in that state.

This alleged serious circular may be looked on in the light of a large joke. But aside from that the west generally has warmly welcomed energetic and intelligent women who go there desiring to earn a living. There are rare oportunities for school teachers, cooks, clerks, housekeepers and others who understand their business and are not afraid to work. The farther west we go, the more liberal the state laws are to women, and the more easy it is to secure employment, and the better the wages paid for nearly all kinds of work.

Washington territory has been mentioned as offering especial inducements to intelligent young working women.

There is only one way left now for a Chinaman to get into the United States. He may hire himself as a servant on board an American man-of-war abroad, complete his trip on the vessel and be discharged in this country. The decision of the lawyers consulted is that such Chinese servants are enlisted seamen, and as such entitled to come ashore when their term of service expires and be free.

Chicago presents to civilization something of a new wrinkle in the appointment of five women sanitary policemen. It is their duty to inspect factories and tenement houses in the interests of the health and protection of working women. The New York legislature passed a law to the same effect, but the bachelor governor of the state vetoed it.

At the recent civil service examination in Boston seventy-seven persons were declared eligible to clerkships in the custom house. The individual who stood highest on the list was a woman. Similar cases have occurred in other civil service examinations. At least women have proved their ability to commit to memory as well as a man.

During the first six months of this year immigration from Europe has fallen off 65,647 from the first half of 1888. If the falling off continues at the same rate through the rest of the year, immigration figures will be lower than for ten years. The country can stand it.

Recent developments in the steerage passenger business go to show that cattle shipped over seas are a good deal better cared for and less crowded than the human emigrants who cross with some of the steamship lines.

In England elevators are now often run by electricity. In 1890 Edinburgh will hold an exhibition of electrical appliances.

Edward Everett Hale thinks that those proposing to read Tolstoi's works should begin with "My Confession."

Hugh O. Pentecost says that the Henry George single tax movement is losing its moral and religious character and becoming "a mere fiscal reform."

Thomas G. Shearman, the single tax advocate, would have land taxed 65 per cent. of its value, and the tax withdrawn from everything else.

Only ten states elect governors this fall. They include, besides the four new members of the sisterhood, Virginia, Mississippi, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio and Iowa.

Although the Sioux Indians have sold half their reservation to the whites they still have enough left to average 500 acres to every man, woman and child on their reservation.

Montana is not disposed to have the worry and buzz of an election for governor every two years. A clause is incorporated in the new state constitution providing that the governor and other executive officials may hold office four years.

The great fire at Spokane Falls was simply a clearing up of the ground to enable the energetic and plucky citizens to put permanent buildings of brick and stone there. Chicago blocks are twice as handsome and substantial as they would have been if Chicago had never had a fire.

This summer, in Alaska, was made a very wonderful photograph. It was nothing less than a picture of a mirage. It represents a strange city in the air, and is called the "Silent City." Such a photograph was never taken before, on land or sea. Professor Willoughby obtained the picture.

The new high license liquor law which Rhode Island has adopted in place of prohibition was enacted after long and thorough consideration by the legislature. The rates of license are graded according to the population of cities. For retail liquor shops the license will cost from $300 to $400 a year. Wholesale dealers pay from $500 to $1,000. The citizens of a neighborhood themselves determine by vote each year whether they will have intoxicating liquors sold in their midst or not.

The Largest Fleet.

England and Germany are great friends just now. In order to convince Emperor William what a desirable thing her friendship was, England showed him a fleet of war ships making a line five miles long. But this was not all the English navy by any means. It was only the vessels in European waters. Other squadrons—the Pacific, Asiatic and others—were not represented at all.

The vessels at the Spithead review, which are now practicing their annual evolutions and maneuvering, number 113. They constitute the most powerful fleet ever brought together in one place. There were twenty more vessels than assembled last year.

The largest vessel at Spithead was the huge ironclad Inflexible, a vessel of 11,880 tons, carrying 480 ton guns. This is the heaviest ship in the British navy. Her armor on the water line is two feet thick.

From the heavy ironclads the ships ranged all the way down through cruisers and coast defense ships to gun boats and torpedo boats. The vessels that interest Americans most in this fleet were, however, a number of new, swift, unarmored cruisers. They are of nearly 3,000 tons displacement and can travel from nineteen to twenty knots an hour.

The force to man this fleet of 113 vessels numbers 21,000 men. Yet such is the improvement in naval warfare that these count for as many as 80,000 would have done in the days when Lord Nelson won his famous victory. A broadside from a large ship then consumed 325 pounds of powder. Now it burns 3,000 pounds.

Hear! Hear!

The Ottawa Citizen, up in Canada, has this to say anent the seizure by the Rush of the twopenny seal stealing vessel in Behring sea:

> The truth is, statesmen of the caliber of Webster and Clay do not now reach maturity on the southern portion of this continent. Peddling politicians, seeking after notoriety, and professors of brag and duplicity appear to have monopolized all places of importance, and are now intent upon forcing issues with a country whose people are rapidly learning to despise, not fear them. The recent shameful act of piracy committed upon a Canadian vessel in Behring sea is absolutely unjustifiable, and has only one redeeming feature, namely, that it will bring the whole question under consideration, and the Washington authorities will be obliged to apologize, as well as to recoup the owners of the vessels they interfered with. If this is not done what is left of Yankee naval effects will probably disappear from more seas than Behring's.

Good gracious! So you think you can thrash us, do you, you sputtering denizen of the mosquito haunted jungles of the arctic shores! Know that we have at this day statesmen who, for downright diplomatic shrewdness, can discount Black Dan the best day he ever saw. Know, if you never knew it before, that he was a regular innocent, a downright, downy chicken in the hands of your trained diplomats.

Know that somebody must protect the seals and confine the seal fishing industry within certain limits, or these pretty and useful creatures will be swept off the earth in a few years by the skinflints and thieves of our own nation and yours and others. And the great majestic United States is the proper power to protect the seal industry.

Come in, poor orphan, and join our family, and be "dry nussed" by Uncle Sam, and you will see that even you will grow to respectable size and stature by and by.

Apologize to you, or get licked? Why, you blustering little rooster, if the American eagle lays but one of his talons upon you, he would swoop you up and hurl you into the open polar sea, to disappear down Symmes' hole and never be heard of more.

Go sit upon an iceberg and cool off.

Eight hundred and fifty Roman Catholic bishops have petioned the Vatican to bestow on Christopher Columbus the honor of beatification. This is the next honor below that of canonization. Should he receive the dignity, therefore, he will not be St. Christopher, but Christopher the Blessed. Columbus not only discovered a new world to be peopled by Christians, but he was a truly good man in and of himself. It is time he had some respect shown him, for he was cheated out of having the continent he discovered named for him.

In Westphalia recently a very curious race took place. It was between pigeons and several specimens of the common honey bee. The distance was three and a half miles. The bees were taken that far from their hive, rolled in flour to identify them, and let fly at the same moment with the pigeons. The bees won, the first one arriving home twenty-five seconds ahead of the pigeons.

Two Tennysons

It is a coincidence worth noting, that England's two most famous men were born the same year, 1809, and within a few months of each other Gladstone's 80th birthday comes in December. Tennyson's was Aug. 6 just passed.

The most interesting point in the history of the two men is the difference that lapse of years has made in their characters. Gladstone, starting in life a conservative, not to say an old fogy, has grown steadily more and more liberal, till now, at 80 years old, he can be called an out and out radical in many respects.

With Tennyson, poet, dreamer, prophet and enthusiast of fifty years ago, the tendency has been steadily the other way. He is so different from the singer who gave the world the first "Locksley Hall" that one might well believe it was another man who wrote the second "Locksley Hall."

The first was published in 1842. Then the poet had generous warmth and splendid ideas. He wrote:

> Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my being yet.

He sang the brotherhood of man and the perfectibility of the race. The second "Locksley Hall" was penned by an old man, who was rich and a lord and had dyspepsia, and was cross and cranky. He no longer believed in his ideals, and doubted whether the brotherhood of man was coming.

That was the trouble. The world was better than before, but it was Tennyson who had changed. There is, there always will be, a world full of beauty and light and progress. As we advance in years, may heaven preserve us from becoming soured old fogies!

Postoffice Places.

Civil service examinations for vacancies among postoffice employes, such as letter carriers and clerks, are held twice a year in certain of the large cities which are designated. The second examination for the present year began Aug. 6. There is an enormous number of applicants. In New York city alone there are 2,700. The many outs will naturally think the small number who get in are very fortunate. But twenty years later many of the rejected will see it was the best thing that could have happened to them to be left out in the cold. They will be forced to rouse the manly energies in their breasts and build up a business and get a living for themselves. Many of them will be the richer for it, and ten times the men they would have been if they had sunk down into a government place and stayed there for life.

Ruskin's Rant.

Mr. John Ruskin never found anything to praise in but two Americans. One was a fair and gifted girl artist. The other is Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard. Ruskin admires Professor Norton exceedingly, because "he is not only a man of the world, but a gentleman of the world." But the cranky professor of æsthetics thinks Norton is out of place in America. He calls him a "runaway star, dropped into purgatory, and twenty times more a slave than the blackest nigger he ever sent his white scholars to fight the south for." Further, Ruskin says Professor Norton would have felt himself more at home as a Frenchman, a Scotchman or an English Tory. As an Englishman would say—hear, hear!

Evangelist H. Q. Wills was holding religious services in his tabernacle in Detroit one evening recently. As the meeting was closing a fight broke out in a saloon near by. A policeman rushed in and made an arrest, when with a drunken howl the arrested man's comrades attacked the policeman. They would probably have killed him, but just in the nick of time Brother Wills handed his prayer book to a friend and sailed in on the side of law and order. The mob thought a tornado had struck them, and they slunk this way and that way out of sight. "The man that interferes with this officer in the performance of his duty has got to meet me," continued the preacher, with blazing eye and clenched fist. Nobody met him. Plucky Evangelist Wills!

Move On!

A Mrs. Annie Ehrenstein was lately arrested and brought to the Essex Market police court, New York, for abandoning her two sons, 9 and 5 years old. Her story is enough to make one blush for civilization. In barbarism at least there is food and shelter for all, if there is for one.

Four months ago the woman landed at Castle Garden with the little boys. She was destitute, and the United Hebrew Charities cared for her awhile. Then they bundled her up and sent her back to Russia, whence she came. But Russia would not let her stay at home. Two months ago Mrs. Ehrenstein and her boys once more landed under the hospitable roof of the Castle Garden building. She was on the point of being sent back to Russia a second time, this woman who was a football of the seas, when a brother Hebrew promised to secure her employment, and she was permitted to come ashore.

She found it impossible to support herself and the children, however, and asked that her boys be sent to a charitable institution. Then she was arrested for abandoning them.

If Mrs. Ehrenstein had been a cow or a horse, and the two little boys young calves or colts, how carefully all of them would have been fed and lodged. But owing to their bad taste in having come into the world as human beings, and their fatal blunder in having themselves born civilised creatures instead of savages, they are kicked about the world like this. Now, whose fault is it?

The strangest part of the story is that the woman had a husband in Brooklyn, who was earning good wages, but he refused to support her or the boys because these were the children of her first husband. There is something here that partakes of the picturesque in its piggishness. How glad we all ought to be that we are enlightened, and not as the heathens are.

The Sash War.

Fashion for once has agreed with common sense, and decreed that for broiling hot weather a man may wear a shirt of silk or of fine wool, without a vest. (If you want to be English you must say waistcoat. Some of our ancestors called it "weskit.")

If, however, there is one thing more uninviting to the eye than another it is the sight of the buttons and waistband of a pair of trousers. Fashion, therefore, to satisfy the æsthetic sense, introduced the picturesque silk sash for the waists of men who wear the silk and wool shirts. The effect is pretty and graceful. The sashes are mostly black and of soft silk, so as to rest in artistic folds about the waist. They fasten behind. Belts instead of the sashes are much affected by the small boy, also by some older men. This new addition to men's wear is sometimes called a cummerbund.

The growler who is always about has been endeavoring, however, to cast odium on the masculine sash, and ridicule it out of existence, but he cannot do it. Sash wearers contemplate their picturesque and manly forms in the looking glass and vow that those who don't like the girdle are fat old bald headed men who couldn't wear it in any case. Imagine, they say, a 250-pounder with his obesity accentuated by a black line across it. Thereupon the objectors are silenced. The summer sash triumphs. Perhaps the costume of old times is coming back for men.

It is said not to be true that the late E. J. Seymour, manager of the American Aluminum company, of Findlay, O., was the only person who understood the process of extracting aluminum from clay. There are at least three others now living who claim to understand his process. In any case aluminum is bound to be made more and more cheaply, until at least it can be produced at a cost which will enable it to supplant iron. Aluminum is the base of many of the precious stones, such as the emerald, topaz, ruby, garnet and sapphire.

The Milwaukee Sentinel draws a good moral even from John Sullivan. It is that a man may be to all appearances completely broken down physically and yet by suitable living, diet and training be made over as good as new. This may all be true. Still it would hardly be advisable for a man to break himself down by dissipation and excesses and then depend on the chances of being made over new, as Sullivan was. The chance might not hit.

Claus Spreckels' double sugar refinery at Philadelphia will cost when finished between four and five million dollars. The buildings are 140 feet high and cover three squares. They will produce 4,000,000 pounds of sugar a day. Annually this will amount to a third of the sugar consumed in the United States. Mr. Spreckels works alone, outside of the sugar trust, and in competition with it.

No temperance organization in the country is doing better work than the Catholic Total Abstinence union. It works in a quiet way, devoting itself particularly to the fostering of total abstinence among the Catholic young people. At one meeting in St. Aloysius' church, in Washington, 500 persons took the pledge of total abstinence recently.

Less than 1,500 miles of railway were constructed in the United States the first half of 1889. This is only half as much as was built in the same period last year.

Those who exploit the American idea may be interested to know that a batch of five foreign professors will very shortly land in this country to take their chairs in the new Roman Catholic university at Washington. They come from Italy, France and elsewhere.

Of all the trusts under the canopy of heaven, the free lunch trust is the latest and most remarkable. It is formed in this way. One pork and bean syndicate furnishes hash and soup to all the saloons in a city. If the small bean companies refuse to get out of the way the one great bean company cuts rates till it freezes them out. How the lunch fiends will co-operate on that trust!

Bills have been introduced into some of the legislatures making appropriations for a United States flag to float over every school house in the state. It is true that every school house ought to have a flag to wave above it on high occasions. Some things should be left to the patriotism of school children and their parents, however, and this is one of them. A flag bought by the subscriptions and efforts of the children themselves would be worth a dozen such banners provided by the state.

The Nicaragua Canal.

Each month records some additional progress with this great enterprise. Preparations are now making to dig from both the Atlantic and Pacific sides of the isthmus. On the Pacific side the work is expected to begin the first of January at Brito. The two sections of laborers will work towards each other and meet. On the Atlantic side it is a question what the name of the entering port shall be called. The native name of it is San Juan de Nicaragua, but a good while ago some Englishman called it Greytown. Whatever we call it, however, property is advancing in value within its limits already. It is agreeable to record that the American company who are constructing the canal take care of the health of their laborers and provide them with good food and pure water. The canal will not be finished till 1894 or 1895.

Union Soldiers' Pensions.

Mr. George L. Kilmer gives in The Century a summing up of facts in regard to army pensioners. In 1888 326,835 soldiers received pensions. Of these, 217,580 received from $8 down to $1 per month. If an enlisted man is incapacitated for general labor by reason of war service, $8 a month is allowed to him. The sum was fixed in 1818, when the cost of living was so much less than it is now that it was deemed a man might live comfortably on this sum.

There are 82,007 pensioners who receive $2 a month or less. Only 64,403 of the whole 217,580 receive over $6 a month. The sum annually paid for pensions of $8 a month and under amounts to $13,888,000. Among those receiving pensions above this sum are included invalids and disabled officers.

Pensions paid out now, of all classes, for three wars, amount annually to $56,707,229.92. During the last war there were 6,000,000 cases of wounds and disease. Apart from those who were dead upon the field, 200,000 Union soldiers died of wounds and disease.

It is estimated that there are now 1,850,000 Union soldiers alive, of all ranks, of the average age of 50 years. At the last national encampment of the G. A. R. the committee on pensions passed a resolution recommending congress to enact a law giving to every surviving Union soldier a pension of $8 a month, with an additional one cent a month for each day's service beyond 800. This, if it became law, would increase the annual pension outlay to over $150,000,000.

Marriage in Nebraska.

There are two couples in Nebraska who ought to know whether marriage is a failure or not. A few years ago they lived near together and became great friends, especially one of the husbands with the other man's wife. At last they became such friends that the other two vowed they would stand it no longer. There was a fine row. The wicked wife packed off home to her mother. The wicked husband of the other woman packed off to Kansas. The good husband and wife thus remained to weep and sing "The Lay of the Left." After singing some time it occurred to both that, both being left, they might console themselves with each other. Why hadn't they thought of it before?

In brief, each got a divorce from the faithless ones and married each other. Nothing then was left for the faithless ones but to do likewise. They, too, were married. But somehow the fascination that drew them together when each belonged to somebody else failed to draw when they belonged to each other. The two wicked partners became wofully tired of each other in a short time.

So did the two good partners. The chain became more galling the longer it was worn. At last the two good ones broke the chain by a divorce. The wicked pair followed suit. Both goodness and wickedness get tired of contemplating themselves. Then each returned to his and her first love. The good wife took back her wicked first husband; the good husband took back his wicked first wife. To complete this thrilling romance, the two pairs were remarried at a double wedding in Omaha, at the same time and place, and had a jolly wedding party, all four together. What material for the novelist is here!

How jolly and honorable and altogether comfortable it must be to be invited to dinner and then be put into a separate dining room because one is not quality enough to eat with the host who invited him. Yet that was the insult put upon the premier of England himself, Lord Salisbury, on the occasion of Emperor William's visit to grandmamma recently. The man on whose shoulders at present rest the destinies of Great Britain was not good enough to stretch his legs under the same mahogany with the members of a family who are handing down to posterity all the vulgar vices known to humanity, and who are not even English. Nice, polite people, these royalties!

S. H. Palmer is the man who, it seems, has really invented a machine for utilizing some of the terrific water power that runs to waste at Niagara. The main feature of his invention is an endless steel chain, 200 feet long and 20 feet wide. Each link in the chain is a small turbine wheel. All these wheels turn and furnish a tremendous power when the chain is set crosswise of the torrent.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent Medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle Free, that they may try it before purchasing. The Large Bottles are 50c and $1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Miscellaneous

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won for Hood's Sarsaparilla

Merit Wins a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

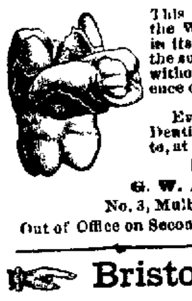
In the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County.

MARTHA BUFTON, by her next friend, Theo W Sterling, vs THOS BUFTON. | No 2 Sept Term. 1889. Pluries sub sur Divorce

To Thomas Bufton, the above-named Respondent—You are hereby notified to appear at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Doylestown, in and for the County of Bucks, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER NINTH, A. D., 1889, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of said day, and answer the complaint of the above-named Libellant and show cause, if any you have, why the said Court should not make a decree divorcing you from your wife, the said Martha Bufton, as prayed for. You are further notified that you are liable to have said decree of divorce made against you if you fail to appear

JOSEPH R. COMLY, Sheriff of Bucks Co.

B. F. GILKESON, Atty for Libellant.



This MOLAR TOOTH, with the Wisdom tooth embedded in its roots, was extracted by the subscriber July 9th, 1888, without pain, under the influence of Laughing Gas.

Everything pertaining to Dentistry promptly attended to, at moderate rates.—C. O. P.

ESTATES SETTLED.

G. W. ADAMS, Dentist, No. 3, Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa. Out of Office on Second-day, (Monday.)

Bristol Laundry, 34 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

ALL WORK NEATLY AND ARTISTICALLY DONE.

SHIRTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS A SPECIALTY.

Wm. H. Yetman.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Aug. 12, 1889

If your buying thought is Dress Goods, write to us stating the kind of fabric you have in mind, or the purpose for which you desire to use it, with the price you wish to pay, and we will promptly place in your hands samples of the best we can supply at the price. That should mean the best anywhere, for the Wanamaker stock of Dress Goods is the largest and best selected we know of in the world. If you do not know the technical name of the goods, no matter: tell us how they look to your eyes, or how you suppose they look, and we will find them.

Just so of anything else; settle on what you want, as near as may be, and write for it.

Sporting things,
Fishing tackle,
Furnishing goods,
Toilet articles,
Millinery fixings,
Books of every sort,

and the thousand other things for home use or wear or house decorating that we have a store full of.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles or 57 per cent of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the Territory with its main line from east to west; is the only short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 50 per cent of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the center of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colors.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

A Complete Establishment

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the spring and summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Strictly Pure Spices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Hard Rubber Trusses, $3 each, at Dr Pursell's Drug Store.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for circulars.

Wooden tooth picks—2500 for 5 cents, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Window Glass of all sizes and at low prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Paints—ready-mixed—$1 a gallon, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil—very palatable—75 cents a pint, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Paint Brushes of every size and price, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

—THEY COULD NOT AGREE.—War in the ranks of the Wall Paper Manufacturers has caused a drop in prices unprecedented. We get this information from the Fidelity Wall Paper Company, of No. 12 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, who have decided to give the advantage of this reduction. They are selling some very handsome gold papers at twelve and fifteen cents.

Genuine Ceylon Cinnamon is very much better than the ordinary, and sells for 25 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, 50 cents a pound, 15 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Hard Rubber Trusses of every size and numerous designs, at much lower than Philadelphia prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

"IS IT SAFE to neglect yourself if troubled with any disease of the kidneys? No, it is dangerous; and if you are so afflicted, attend to yourself now. Do not wait, but use Sulphur Bitters at once. They cured me when I was given up to die by several physicians. —Jonathan Ham, Boston.

Miscellaneous

Great Reduction —IN— PRICES of GROCERIES!

Selling Out at Cost Prices! all kinds of Shelf Goods, also, Butter, Teas, Cheese, Coffees, Spices, Soaps, Starch, Syrups, Molasses, Vinegar, Etc., at

Bloomsburg's Grocery,

Corner Wood and Dorrance Streets, BRISTOL, PA.

DeWITT BROS, Pond Street.

Ornamental & Shade Trees —OF— EVERY DESCRIPTION, —FOR THE— LAWN & GARDEN. Just the Time to Plant.

A dozen Best Varieties of GRAPE VINES, including all of the Best White, from 25 cents each up, will fruit next year.

Early Truck and Vegetables of Our Own Raising.

Pansies, Daisies, Violets, Forget-me-nots and Roses BY THE 1,000

Now is the time to plant them to secure good results. Thousands of plants in bloom.

For EASTER our stock is Larger, Better and Cheaper than ever. Two more new houses filled entirely with new stock. You are invited to examine our plants.

SAMUEL SCOTT, THE MILL STREET GROCERY! 71 MILL STREET, WHERE WILL BE FOUND Provisions, Fruits, Nuts, Etc. OF ALL KINDS And as Cheap as will be found in Bristol.

James Warden, DEALER IN Groceries, Provisions, Fruits &c. Cor. PENN AND POND STS., BRISTOL, PA.

W. S. WILKINSON, PAPERHANGER and PAINTER. BRISTOL, Pa. Address a postal card to P. O. Box 231, and your orders will receive prompt attention.

WM. M. LUKENS, —DEALER IN— Groceries and Provisions, Fruits and Canned Goods. Prices will compare with other Stores. COR. DORRANCE AND POND STREETS.

GEO. J. SHEPPARD'S NEW MEAT MARKET, 86 Mill Street, Bristol. Next to Conkey's, where will be found the best BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL and POULTRY. Garden Vegetables in season. YOUR TRADE IS SOLICITED.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CHARLES BANES, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form without delay, for settlement, to SAMUEL P. BANES, or B. F. & A. W. GILKESON, Washington, D. C. & W. S. WRIGHT, Attys.

AGENTS WANTED. To canvass for the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY, Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, NEW YORK.

DR. THEEL 538 NORTH FOURTH STREET [illegible] Philadelphia, Pa. [illegible]

All Special Diseases, Blood Poison, Nervous [illegible] Pimples, Ulcers, [illegible]

DON'T BE HUMBUGGED [illegible]

ELY'S Cream Balm CURES

HAY-FEVER AND Cold in Head HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York.

LEM WONG, Chinese Laundry, No. 50 Mill St., Bristol.

Clothes of every description done up in first-class manner. Look at some of the prices:

Shirts, ironed,	10c	Shirts, new,	12c
Collars,	2 for 5c	Cuffs per pair,	5c
Undershirts,	7c	Underclothes,	7c
Woolen shirts,	7c	Baby caps,	35c
White dress, 75c to $1.50			
Socks per pair,	3c	Handkerchiefs,	3c
Boys' jackets,	10c	Neckties,	2c

and other things equally cheap.

Work taken on every day of the week and returned the third or fourth day thereafter. Goods not called for in 60 days will be sold. No articles delivered until paid for.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

Burton's Stage Line

CONTINUES TO BE WELL PATRONIZED. It meets all trains at the P. R. R. Station, and the 8 and 3 o'clock boat, and will carry passengers to all parts of the town. Orders left at the Telephone office, Depot, or at the Stables, on Wood street, near Mill, will receive attention. JOSEPH BURTON.

HOGUET'S WHOLESALE & RETAIL Pioneer Drug Store! Nos. 13& 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.

The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County. (ESTABLISHED IN 1811.) By the present proprietor. A large stock of first class Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c. Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices. Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

L. A. HOGUET Druggist and Pharmacist.

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE, 55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.

We have on hand a large & well selected stock of Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery & Toilet Articles, White Lead, Oils & Varnishes. Agent for the sale of Fee & Raw's Ready Mixed Paints. These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market. We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions at all hours, day or night and guarantee Purity and ACCURACY always.

ELEGANT PHOTOGRAPHS CABINETS $2 PER DOZ. Chandler & Scheetz, 828 ARCH ST., 1433 CHESTNUT ST., Opposite Young Men's Christian Association Building. PHILADELPHIA.

T. W. & C. J. Patton, Wholesale and retail dealer in BEST BRANDS OF Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c. No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 5th dist district "ALGARROS," guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper. Specialties of P. LORILLARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobacco. NORTH STAR. And other brands of superior Cut Tobacco on hand in large quantities. "THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY." The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market. "THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality. DIAMONDS. Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper. Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy. Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Do Not Read This

Now is the Time to Buy Your WINTER COAL Lehigh Coal Of the Best Quality, and all sizes. Screened & Picked! Blacksmith Coal, free from Gas. Dry Kindling Wood, HARD AND SOFT, C. W. PEIRCE, Cor. Washington and Canal streets. BRISTOL, PA., Near the Rolling Mill.

J. T. DUNCAN and MRS. DUNCAN, Take this method to inform their former patrons that they have returned to Bristol and Located at 48 Mill St. Next door to Adam's Express office, in the store lately vacated by Grumbacher, where they intend to supply the inhabitants of Bristol and vicinity with a good line of DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, HOSIERY, At Lowest Cash Prices. N. B.—Store will open Saturday, April 20th.

The Bucks County Gazette.

☞Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1889.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—There will be no State Fair in Pennsylvania this year.

—There was no money sold at the Union Building Association last Monday evening.

—Next Saturday the Bristol Carpet Mills employes take their annual excursion to Atlantic City.

A batteau and two pairs of oars, belonging to Captain William Jones, were stolen on Tuesday night.

—One loan at 11 cents monthly premium was sold at the Fidelity Building Association on Tuesday evening

—Angus York has commenced the erection of a new residence at the corner of Walnut and Wilson streets

—The Twilight broke down at Delanco on her first trip up the river yesterday. She resumed her trips to-day.

—The GAZETTE job printing office is fully equipped with type, presses, etc., to do all kinds of Commercial job printing.

—The religious services at the Whelan Home, on last Sunday evening, were conducted by Rev. Isaac W. Goodhue, of the Baptist church.

—Richard Corson, of Bristol, announces in our columns, a big sale of personal property and household goods, to be held Wednesday, August 28.

—Mrs. Isaac W. Goodhue will favor the congregation of the Baptist church, on Sunday next, with vocal solos at the morning and evening services.

—Five tramps were committed to the Doylestown jail on Tuesday, for ten days, for stealing rides on the freight trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

—J. B. Howell will have a closing out sale of horses, wagons, harness, whips, blankets, &c., on Saturday, August 17th, at his place of business at Morrisville, Pa.

—Next Wednesday the Teachers Association of the M. E. Sunday School take an excursion to Ocean Grove leaving Bristol at 7.38 A. M. and leaving the ocean at 6 P. M.

—Master Edward Cox, of Morrisville, and friend are enjoying a few days at Coney Island. Edward has been suffering somewhat from chills and malaria and thinks the salt air will do him good.

—The man who wears a Grand Army button now without the right to do so is liable to a fine of from $50 to $100 for false pretence. So it should be for those who falsely wear the pins or other emblems of any secret or beneficial society.

—Mr T. K. Cheyney, of Morrisville has purchased the Fertilizer and harness business of J. B. Howell and is now ready to furnish all farmers with the "Lister" Animal Bone Phosphate. It is claimed to be the best sold in the market for the money, as it always gives a good crop of grass after wheat.

—Burglars effected an entrance into the Philadelphia Cash Grocery, corner of Radcliffe and Market streets, on Tuesday night or early Wednesday morning. They got in through a window in the rear, and, as nearly as the proprietors can ascertain, took away with them about $20 dollars worth of goods, consisting of hams, lard and coffee.

—The till of John Graham's cigar store, on Mill street, was tapped by a boy on Tuesday morning. About $2 were taken. Mrs. Graham, who was in the rear room, saw the boy and caught him, and, upon a threat to deliver him to the police, he gave up 25 cents. She insisted upon the remainder of the stolen money, when he broke away and ran up Pond street. John Grooklet was afterward arrested, whom she positively identified as being the thief. Young Grooklet however has evidence that he was in John McIlvaine's wagon from eight o'clock in the morning until the time of his arrest. William Holt was the next boy arrested, and he was just as positively identified as the till-tapper. Both were held for a hearing this afternoon before Esquire Louderbough.

—A meeting of the Republican County Committee was held in the Republican League room, Doylestown, on Monday morning. Hugh B. Eastburn, Esq., was unanimously selected as chairman of the new committee, and Geo. W. McIntosh and Albert P. Leatherman, of Doylestown, were elected secretaries. On motion of Walter R. Johnson, of Bensalem, Monday, Sept. 30, was the day fixed for holding the County Convention at Doylestown, for the purpose of nominating a county ticket and selecting delegates to the State Convention. Hon. B. Frank Gilkeson moved that the thanks of the committee be extended to Hugh B. Eastburn, Esq., for his splendid management of the campaign in Bucks county last Fall. The motion was unanimously carried, and the meeting adjourned to meet at the call of the chairman.

—John Jacob Burie is the hostler at the Closson House stables. He has occupied the position for many years. By thrift and economy he has saved a snug little fortune, and is reputed to be worth from $10,000 to $15,000. He has a good bank account and has a portion of his means invested in bonds and mortgages. John Jacob has a comfortable room in the second story of Mrs. Closson's wagon house. When he went to retire on Friday night he discovered that during his absence visitors had been there. His trunk was gone. The loss of the trunk would not have worried him greatly had it not been for the fact that there was in it upwards of $200 in gold coin, several dollars in bills, and his notes, bonds and mortgages. He was not slow in making known the fact of the robbery that had been committed. The police were soon informed; a search was made around the neighborhood of the stables. It was not long before the trunk was found between the stables and the race, broken open, and a caba in which the gold was placed missing. The other property was safe. The next morning the empty caba was found at the rear of Harry Vanhorn's blacksmith shop on Otter street, but no trace of the missing gold was to be seen. A city detective was sent for. After diligent search for clues to lead to the guilty parties, he had B. Frank Cummins, Thomas Tiernan, Jr., and William Milligan arrested on suspicion. The hearing took place before Esquire Louderbough yesterday morning. The evidence was not of a conclusive character. The men were seen leaving the camp grounds about 9 o'clock. The were afterwards seen along the fence at the rear of Fine's hotel, where they asked the bar keeper of the Closson House for matches. He had five and gave them three. Three burnt matches of similar character were found at the blacksmith shop where the caba was found. About 2 o'clock in the morning the men were afterwards seen in the Closson House yard, after one of them, with a companion, had returned from a drive to Newportville. No money was found on the suspected parties. The Squire held them in $300 bail each for their appearance at September court.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Council met last Monday evening. Members all present except Messrs. Lum and Sterling. After roll call and the reading of the minutes, the reports of standing committees were called for.

The street committee's report stated that the committee could not recommend the opening of Franklin street or any part of it. A separate report signed by the chairman of the committe, recommended the repeal of the ordinance declaring Franklin street open.

The fire committee reported that they had found that nothing was said in the contract with Mr. Winters for hauling the steamer to and from fires relative to price to be paid for hauling in the day time, and that the bill for $40 for services rendered was correct. The report was on motion accepted and ordered filed.

The ordinance committee presented a draft of an ordinance repealing an ordinance prohibiting the manufacture, sale and use of dangerous fire works. The report was read and filed.

Unfinished business was then called for. The street committee had no report to make on the petition asking for lights on Pine and on Corson streets.

The nuisance committee reported that the nuisance connected with a slaughter house in the Third ward had been abated.

Bills amounting to $2,088.62 were presented and ordered paid.

The bill of the Electric Light Company for $224 for lights for the month of July, was referred to the street committee, it being stated that a number of the lights charged for were not lit for several nights during that month.

The appropriation for garbage collection having given out, an appropriation of $56.67 to pay for the July collection, was made.

A petition asking that Wilson street be accepted by the borough and that a grade be given for the same, was referred to the street committee.

The matter of establishing another grade for Pine street was referred to the street committee.

Mr. Winters gave notice that he would not take the steamer to fires hereafter. The matter was referred to the fire committee with power to act.

The chairman of the committee on public property reported that the work on the tower of the Town Hall, was about completed, and that the dials of the town clock needed repainting. He had received estimates for doing that work. On motion the matter was referred to the committee with power to act. On motion $200 was appropriated to the use of the use of the public property committee.

The treasurer reported that the Borough's share of the money received from liquor licenses this year was about $750.

The order for the annual appropriation to the two fire companies, amounting to $600, were directed to be drawn in $50 amounts.

The proposed ordinance repealing the fire works ordinance, was referred back to the committee to be presented in the shape required by the rules of Council.

The contract for gathering garbage was on motion ordered to be published.

The printing for the borough, amounting to about $75 per year, was on motion of W. R. Bailey ordered to be divided as nearly equal as possible among the four printing offices in the town.

Thomas B Harkins having obtained permission to address Council, complained that the water from Dorrance, Cedar and Washington streets, in times of heavy rains, overflowed the gutters and flooded the floor of the foundry The matter was referred to the street committee with power to act.

The finance committee was instructed to present a name for collection of delinquent taxes and Council then adjourned.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. George Silbert is at Atlantic City.

Miss Laura Wood is at Phoenixville, Pa.

Mrs. Jesse W. Knight is at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Engle Smith are at Atlantic City.

Miss Lila Morrison is visiting friends in Germantown.

Mrs. Wm. S. Doran and Miss Kate Baker are at Atlantic City.

Miss Sadie McFall, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. H. G. Peters.

Miss Minnie Tice, of Camden, N. J., formerly of Bristol, is the guest of Mrs. A. J. Hibbs.

S. J. Sterling and William E. Doron returned last Tuesday from a pleasant trip to Boston.

Mrs. William Wilont, of Philadelphia, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Boos.

Mrs. Hettie Slack and Miss Lizzie Longstreth, of Philadelphia, are the guests of Mrs. Julia Slack.

Mrs. George Trimble and Miss Madge Bailey, of Philadelphia, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bailey.

Benjamin Johnson, the popular Mill street clothier, is enjoying a short respite from business cares at Reading, Pa.

Walter Hall, Horace Young, Charles Anoker, William Hagerman and Melvin Young, are at Ocean Grove this week.

P. J. Gallagher, of the Interior Department, Washington City, paid the GAZETTE office a call yesterday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wright left Bristol this morning for Saratoga and Niagara Falls. They will be absent for several weeks.

Rev. W. L. Kolb, rector of St. James Episcopal church, and Mrs. Kolb are spending a few weeks along the New England coast.

Mrs. Samuel Thomas, of Phillipsburg, N. J., and Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Decker, of Albany, N. J., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Buckman several days this week.

BASE BALL NOTES.

The Langhorne club play the Bristols here to-day.

The Bristols played the Oxfords, of Philadelphia, last Saturday and were defeated by a score of 4 to 1.

The Bristol Base Ball club played a game at Cape May last Monday with the club there. The sea air did not seem to agree with our boys and they proved easy prey for the Cape May club. The score: Cape May, 11. Bristol, 2.

TULLYTOWN NOTES.

Pennsylvania R. R. train No. 31, carrying east bound mails, was detained here last Friday morning, on account of something about the trucks under the mail coach giving away.

Charles Bennett has improved his house by building a kitchen on the back of his house. J. S Wharton did the work. Charles has some fine fancy breeds of chickens of which he is very proud.

Rev. Mr. Luther, of Trenton, N. J., filled the pulpit of the M. E. church here, last Sunday. He has been appointed to the charge here for the balance of the year. Come out and hear him; he is very good.

Benjamin Harrison, son of E. and Maggie Wilson, died last Sunday night. Interment will take place here to-day.

Quite a number of our people went to Bristol last Friday afternoon to see Governor Beaver and the State Fencibles.

New coal and wood sheds have been built at the Penns Manor Friends' meeting house, which was badly needed.

The Penns Manor chapel picnic was a success; a game of base ball was played between the Dread Naughts and the Enterprise, two clubs made up mostly of Sunday-school scholars. The Dread Naughts came off victorious in four innings, and was treated to ice cream. The Bordentown Cornet Band made the grove resound with good music. David H. Taylor, of Morrisville, spoke on Penns Manor and the Free Bridge; E. Barwis spoke on This Country and Temperance. Both speakers were listened to with great interest.

The Preston Jr. base ball club, of White Hill, will play the Penns Manor club on August 24, on John Stokes' farm, in the Manor.

The game of ball between the Tullytown and Trenton Clubs, last Saturday, resulted in a victory for the home club; score 16 to 12.

Rev. George Foster, former pastor of the M. E. church here, has accepted a charge 150 miles west of St. Louis.

At a special meeting of the officers and teachers of the M. E. Sunday-school, it was decided to hold their annual picnic on August 28, in E. A. Ivins' grove, in the Manor.

S. W. H.

ABOUT FRANKLIN STREET.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—A few words in reply to a communication in last week's issue in reference to Franklin street signed by J. T. He takes the cake for originality. His objection to opening Franklin street is that the streets we already have are more than can properly be taken care of. I would not be surprised to see another communication signed by J. T. in next week's issue recommending a number of streets in the town to be abandoned; this would be consistent with his reasoning and would no doubt save expense, which seems to be his great bugbear. Who authorized J. T. to speak for the residents of Pond street? It seems to me that this question interests every citizen of this town as well as those of Wood and Pond streets. Are we not all interested in the fact that Dorrance street is blocked by a planing mill, Washington street by a rolling mill, but that grand old Boulevard Jefferson avenue, almost out of town, never seen from one end of the year to another by fully nine tenths of the residents, is open up clear across the town and enjoys the distinction of connecting the swamps back of Iredell's farm with the asparagus beds of the Jefferson Land Association and a country road that leads to no where. Our wise Borough Fathers paid, so I am informed, $800 for this privilege but now decline to open a street that would shorten the two longest squares in the heart of the town, an act that would be a great convenience to hundreds of people daily. J. T. is afraid we will have more houses than we can rent. If he has a surplus of such earthly goods, my advice would be to sell them. Houses are like streets always a charge and expense. Who expects to enjoy possessions or privileges without their corresponding charges and responsibilities? Those things that are most dear and costly I best appreciate. Corporations are, like honest people, expected to pay for what they get. His selfish expression "more houses than we can rent" could only eminate from a bloated bond holder or grasping landlord. Great things are expected of our model council. It is to be hoped that they will not dodge their duty or be influenced by such arguments as J. T. and "Another Taxpayer" make. They are too antiquated for this age. We care nothing for the ordinance of 1836 and 1855 or the more recent ordinance of 1881 which defines that of 1836. We are interested in the ordinance of 1889 and would like to know if it is the intention of this council to keep this street blocked until the next generation. This was the expression used by a prominent councilman after the meeting adjourned on Monday night. I for one enter my solemn protest against such a blunder. The borough's experience with Cedar, Dorrance and Washington streets is too much to be regretted, for a like repetition with Franklin street. It is the duty of Council to make such terms with the owners of this ground as they can. If this cannot be done to the satisfaction of all hands then let a road jury be appointed to assess the damage. I am informed that the owners are willing to submit the question of damages to such a settlement and whether they are or not I am for one, and they for their part would have to abide by what the jury said. If by the opening of this street the owners are found to be benefited damages would be very properly assessed against them and a large amount of property open up for taxation which would materially replenish our borough treasury. If on the other hand it were found the owners did not obtain benefits equal to their loss of land they would then be entitled to damages to that extent. I have already transgressed the limits of my intentions, my only excuse is the importance of the question, our present Council should give this question all the attention its importance demands. If it cannot be open now because the expense is too great at what future date can it be opened more economically. Borough Fathers never placed anything to their credit when they evaded this question, and this Council will be better remembered for what it has not done than for what it has done if it has not the courage to take what they claim.

* * *

Bridgeton's new directory puts the population of the city at 13,000.

The colored people of Bucks county, Philadelphia and New Jersey held a freedom anniversary on Thursday at Oakland Grove, below Bristol. Dr. Palmer, of Philadelphia; Dr. Simson, of New Jersey; Bishop Campbell and Rev. Lewis Chambers delivered stirring addresses.

—It is said that the petrified arm of a prehistoric giant was recently unearthed on the farm of J. R. Male, near Kearney, Nebraska. The hand was tightly clasped. A young son of Mr. Male while playing with the curiosity, broke off the fingers of the hand, and nine large diamonds of the purest water and large as lima beans fell out. Mr. Male will exhume the rest of the body.

Now by all means let Gilbert and Sullivan write a new opera, the hero of which shall be the "prize crew of one" left by the commander of the United States revenue steamer Rush on board the captured British sealer Black Diamond. Here would be some fun that those two gifted composers would not have to evolve out of their own heads.

Another proof of at how low a rate of interest first class securities can be placed has been furnished in a transaction of the sinking fund commissioners of New York city. They have disposed of $1,400,000 of 3 per cent. bonds at prices from 2.83 to 1.21 above par. There were bids for nearly four times as many bonds as the commissioners had to dispose of.

It will be decided in course of time whether the Pittsburg Fishing club was responsible for the Johnstown disaster. The widow of a commercial traveler who was drowned in the flood has brought suit against the club for $50,000. The case will be tried in the common pleas court. If the Johnstown survivors are not all dead by the time a decision is reached, and if the case is decided in the widow's favor, then it will be the first of hundreds of suits of the same kind under which the millions belonging to members of the fishing club will melt away like snowflakes in spring time.

Iceland seems gradually to be growing colder and more inhospitable as to climate, and its people, devoted as they are to the country which their ancestors settled more than a thousand years ago, are leaving it and coming to America. There are several thousands of them already in this country and in British America. Their largest colony is in Manitoba, but there is one at Green Bay, Wis., also one in Southwestern Minnesota, and yet another in Dakota. They belong to a religious organization of their own, called the Icelandic Lutheran Church of America. They are an excellent class of settlers.

Sam Jones and the Faith Cure.

Sam Jones has recently given to an admiring world his idea of the faith cure in his own unvarnished English as follows:

> I'll tell you where this faith cure comes in. There's an old brother and sister, who have been taking all the nasty, quack, patent medicines on the market for the last ten years. Somebody comes along and prays over 'em, and they quit using the patent medicines, and they are well again. They say it was faith that cured. It was faith. It was the faith which caused them to quit taking old patent nostrums which cured them.

Poet-Statistician.

Mr. Edward Atkinson is probably the only man living who is able to approach figures with a poet soul, and make them sing a bright, hopeful tune at will. His cheerful fancy has tackled the doleful problem of poverty recently. It has added up long columns of figures, turned them inside out and run them over crosswise, and drawn from them the most blooming conclusions possible. For instance, the actual productive capital of the country in 1880 was $26,000,000,000, and each man, woman and child had an average of 55 cents a day to buy things with, but now the taxes have gone down from 7 to 6 per cent. in ratio to product and the prices of the necessaries of life for the past five or six years have been substantially what they were in 1850, and consequently people now have 60 cents a day to buy with where they had 55 cents in 1880. Therefore, let us be happy. Oh, yes, let us be happy.

Pugilism in Texas.

For real, downright originality, commend one to Texas. Texas is not afraid to say open and aboveboard, officially at that, that she goes in for the manly art of prize fighting. The people of other states might be dying to say so too, but they would have regard for the conventionalities and be silent. Just before the Sullivan-Kilrain prize fight the Texas legislature passed this unique license law:

> For every fight between man and man, or between men and bulls, or between dogs and bulls, or between bears and dogs, or between bulls and any other animals, or between dogs and dogs, $500 for each performance.

The Dallas Times says in so many words that the prize fighting license was put in to give the champions opportunity to have their little brush in the Lone Star state. Would you prize fight? Texas is your place.

Two robbers attempted to steal the gold coin and bills from Broker Loeb's office, in lower Broadway, New York, by entering in broad daylight and threatening the proprietor with a revolver. They got nothing and one of them was arrested.

*Get your umbrellas and parasols re-covered at the Ark, 31 Mill street, with Gloria silk that will not fade or tear.

—Dr. William H. Bradley, manager of the Philadelphia Weekly Press, has been arrested charged with the embezzlement in the last three years of about $5000 belonging to the Press company. He admits his guilt.

—A passenger coach was backed into Broad Street Station yesterday, and, jumping over the bumper, ran into the station-master's office, which was considerably damaged. No one was hurt.

—The Sioux lands in Dakota, amounting to about 11,000,000 acres have been thrown open to settlement by the signing of a new treaty by the chiefs. Four million more acres in Minnesota have also been secured for the Government from the Chippewas.

—A young man recently died in New York city from a sort of fungous growth in the liver, peculiar to cattle, but very rare among humans. The disease is known to the medical profession as actymecosis, and it is said that this is the fourth case of the kind in the United States for one hundred years.

—The case of a saloon-keeper to be tried before a judge of Vincennes, Indiana, for selling liquor without a license, had created such an interest that a crowd was expected to be present. Accordingly the enterprising judge hired a hall, and charged spectators ten cents to attend the trial.

—Ex-Judge David S. Terry, of California, who married Sarah Althea Hill, assaulted United States Supreme Court Justice Field in a restaurant, in Lathrop, Cal., and was shot dead yesterday morning, by Deputy United States Marshal David Nagle, who had been assigned officially to protect Justice Field.

—"The Popular Science Monthly" for September will contain an essay on the "Origin of the Rights of Property," by Henry J. Philpott. The author compares the views of a number of writers on the subject, points out wherein he thinks they are wrong, and draws his own bold and independent conclusion that the recognition of private ownership was in the beginning a truce in the war against its exercise by others.

—Constance Fenimore Woolson's latest novel, "Jupiter Lights," will be concluded in the September Number of Harpers Magazine. Critics who have followed the instalments in the Magazine remark that the story does not make a single bid for retrospective analysis, but throughout gives the impression of the inevitable onward movement of events. It is more dramatic than the drama.

—A syndicate of rich capitalists have organized to construct a canal from the Missouri River at Bismarck, North Dakota, 1,668 feet above the sea level, to Lake Traverse and Big Stone Lake, 900 feet above the sea. The new canal, it is said, will flow through an arid and barren section of the country, and reclaim more than 5,000,000 acres of what is now unproductive land. Lateral canals from the main channel would be constructed by the various adjacent counties.

—Great excitement prevails at Albany, Wisconsin, over the discovery of pearls in the Sugar River. They are found in clam shells, between the membrane and shell, and are of all sizes from a pin's head to a large-sized pea. Some of them have been sold for as high as $75, while $100 has been refused for others. A shipment of the gems, estimated to be worth $1,600, was made to Chicago recently. The excitement is so great that men, women and children are raking and dragging the river for clams.

ANOTHER INDIAN WINS A WHITE BRIDE—Miss Stella Cox, a young lady of Washington City, who resided until a short time ago with her mother at No. 403 New Jersey avenue, S. E., was married on July 24, at Versailles, Ky., to a full blooded Seneca Indian who has in some manner or other got hold of the name of Nathaniel Patterson. So far as can be ascertained Nathaniel is a well-to-do farmer and is declared to be honest, sober, industrious and good-looking. Miss Cox is described as a very pretty girl twenty-two years of age.

A deportation scheme of a very interesting character is reported from Washington. It is said that Senator Platt, Chairman of the Committee of Territories, is making investigations as to the adeisability of inviting Icelandic immigration to a strip along the Yukon river, in Alaska. The scheme is said to have the far-reaching aim of bringing the entire population of Iceland into Alaska. The population of this barren Arctic island is under 80,000. They secure a very precarious subsistence from poor soil and the Alaskan country is Paradisiacal in comparison. The transportation of a whole people from their ancient habitat is a great undertaking, but in this instance the number is small enough to bring it about in a few years if the people are anxious to leave their frigid isle, a desire which yet remains to be manifested.

—Theodore Child has written for the September Number of Harper's Magazine an article upon "American Artists at the Paris Exhibition," illustrated with twenty engravings—nearly all full-pages—from paintings by Whistler, Dannat, Sargent, Harrison, Hitchcock, Melchers, Gay, Knight, Stewart, Pearce, Weeks, Reinhart, Mosler, Millet, Beckwith, and Thayer. Mr. Child does not hesitate to say that the American Fine Art section at the Universal Exhibition was "one of the strongest and most interest of all the foreign departments." He continues: "To justify this affirmation by comparisons would be useless. There is no common measure applicable to be noted is that in 1889 America boasts an elite of artists whose names are cited in company with the most illustrious, and men like Whistler, E. A. Abbey, W. T. Dannat, and John S. Sargent can hold their brilliancy in a palace of art where the exhibitors, besides the great Frenchmen, are masters of the eminence of Munkacsy, Adolph Menzel, Herkomer, Orchardson Madrazo, Boldini, and Alfred Stephens "

—The Midsummer number of The Art Ameteur is before us, as bright and attractive as ever. Two excellent colored plates are given away with this number: "Carnations" by Dangon, and "Illuminated Initials," from French manuscripts of the XIII century. The frontispiece, a very masterly decorative design, after Boucher, representing "Earth," is the first of a series of four which will be published consecutively. Among the large number of working designs given with this number, are Designs for Embroidery, Brass Hammering, and Splash Towels while Egyptian Lotus, Wild Iris, and Orchids are arranged for China Painting. In the Atelier, the articles on "Pen-drawing for Photo Engraving" and "Painting Wild Flowers" are continued, together with several other articles of interest to the art student. To those interested in china painting, we would recommend a persual of "Letters to a Young Lady," while Ameteur Photographers can gain information from Burbank's "Talks." A special feature of this August number is a full and comprehensive tabulated report of the Secrean Sale in Paris. Montezuma in "My Note Book," and Theodore Child, in the "Paris Exposition," very fully and conclusively describe the pictures at the Paris Centennial Exposition; Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

Concerning Dr. Brown Sequard's alleged "Elixir of Life" discovery, the Denver Tribune says: "This wondrous elixir will work some momentous results in the business and political worlds. With thirty years added to Jay Gould's active life, how many railroads will be left in the ownership of other people and what limits will there be to his fortune. Could bounds be set to the enterprise that the scheming and energetic Villard might carry out? That tenacious old man De Lesseps might complete his inter-oceanic canal. In politics the elixir would revive waning ambition and interfere with budding hopes. It would make Allen G. Thurman and ex Secretary Bayard young enough for Presidential candidates. It would keep Grover Cleveland before the country as a Presidential possibility for a generation. It would continue Sam Randall many more year as a perennial irritation to Henry Watterson. It would give Statesman Mills the chance for many repetitions of his efforts to reduce the tariff. It would bring back the waning vigor and departing brilliancy to Dan Voorhees speech. It would keep Ingalls' satire doing its biting work a generation longer. It would bring back a generation of statesmen to compete with the active men of today for position and power. While many at times feel that there is enough of life as it is, we all of us would like the chance to show what we could do with twenty or thirty years more of activity and vigor.

The Log College Reunion.

Rev. Dr. Murphy, chairman of the executive committee, having charge of the preparations for the celebration of the founding of the Presbyterian church in the United States, on the site of the Log College, near Hartsville, on September 5th, announces the arrangements are so far completed they may now be made known to the public with some certainty.

The President and Mrs. Harrison will positively be present, unless some unforseen accident occurs. Remarks will be made by the President, Postmaster General Wanamaker, Governor Beaver, Governor Green, of New Jersey; Rev. Dr. Scott, father-in law of the President; Rev. Dr. Patton, president, and Dr. McCosh, ex-president of Princeton college. Among the eminent divines who are expected to participate in the speechmaking are the following upon the subjects named: Rev. Dr. R. M. Patterson, representing the Log College men; Rev. Dr. Mutchmore, the First Scotch-Irish Immigrants; Rev. Dr. Dickey, the Presbytery of Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Erskine, the Presbyterians of the Cumberland Valley; Rev. Dr. Knox, Lafayette College; Rev. Dr. McIlvain, Hampden Sydney College, Va., and Rev. Dr. D. K. Turner, the Log College. The latter addresses will be brief.

The music is in charge of a committee, of which John L. DuBois, Esq., is chairman. The choir will consist of 100 singers, and the hymns will be announced by representative men. The financial out-look is good, as the churches and public-spirited individuals are contributing liberally. In order to be independent of the weather, two large tents, capable of holding four or five thousand persons, have been rented. Special arrangements are being made with the railroads, in the way of extra trains and reduced rates of fare. Refreshment tables are being provided for the thousands expected to attend, where all visitors can be accommodated with lunch at very moderate expense. Two sessions of exercises will be held—the first probably from 10.30 a. m. to 12.30, and the second from 2 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

*A GOOD APPETITE is essential to good health; but at this season it is often lost owing to the poverty or impurity of the blood, derangement of the digestive organs, and the weakening effect of the changing season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

*JUDGE SIMSON of the Superior Court writes: From mental exhaustion, my nervous system became shattered, and I was utterly unable to sleep nights. Sulphur Bitters cured me, and my sleep is now sound, sweet, and refreshing.

*Burns, Scalds, Sores, &c.—Page's Climax Salve will cure them speedily, and with so little pain, that the patient hardly realizes that anything has gone amiss For sale by druggists everywhere.

*BEST NOURISHMENT FOR CONSUMPTIVES. —Consumptive persons are said to be greatly benefited by the use of Speer's Port Grape Wine, both Fermented and Unfermented. It seems to give nourishment when everything else fails. The rich properties of the wine derived from the iron in the soil on which the grapes grow makes new blood and if it does not cure, we believe it prolongs life in many cases of consumption. In fact cases have been reported of perfect cures being effected by the use of Speer's Port Wine.

*BLOOD POISON is very liable to follow contact of the hands or face with what is known as poison ivy, especially in hot weather or if the body is perspiring freely. The trouble may subside for a time, only to appear in aggravated form when opportunity offers. The great purifying powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla thoroughly eradicate every trace of poison from the blood, as the cures it has accomplished conclucively show. It also cures scrofula, salt rheum and all other affections arising from impure or poisoned blood.

*PIMPLES ON THE face cured. Sulphur Bitters will cure the worst case of skin disease; from common pimple on the face to that awful disease scrofula, it is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated disease. Do not delay; use Sulphur Bitters and drive the humor from your blood.

*HAY FEVER AND ROSE COLD are attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, teardncts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy that can be depended upon. 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Ely Brothers, druggists, 56 Warren St., New York.

A family Gathering

*Have you a father? Have you a mother? Have you a son or a daughter, sister or a brother who has not yet taken Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles? If so why, when a sample bottle is gladly offered to you free by any druggist, and the large size costs only 50 cents and $1 00?

Card of Thanks

*If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and $1 00.

New Advertisements.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York City.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
PERSONAL PROPERTY!

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC SALE ON the Premises of the subscriber, in the Borough of Bristol, on

Wednesday, August 28, '89,

All the following Household Goods, Stock, Farming Implements, Crops, Hay and Grain.

STOCK—1 good bay horse, 6 years old, 15½ hands high, a good family horse, warranted sound; 1 black farm horse, 2 cows, 1 full blood Guernsey, none better; 1 part blood Alderney, 100 chickens, 7 hives of bees.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS, WAGONS, &c. —1 horse power and thresher, New Hope make; new hay cutter, reaper and mower, corn striker, hay fork, rope and pulleys, plows, harrows, corn sheller, hay rake, grindstone, Fairbank's platform scales, 1 broad-wheel hay wagon, 1 cart, both new, 1 two-seated carriage, nearly new, 1 good one-seated phaeton, bar springs, 1 road cart, 1 Germantown carry-all, 2 sleighs, 2 collars, bells, 1 buffalo robe, 1 wolf robe, blankets, 2 carriage poles, 1 set of double heavy harness, 1 set double carriage harness, 3 sets single carriage harness, fly straps, 3 large casks of vinegar, 3 grain and meal chests, grain bags, several feet of poplar boards, half thick, oak plank.

CROPS—30 tons of timothy hay, 2 tons of rye straw, standing grass, 2 acres sugar corn by the row, 2 acres of potatoes by the row.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS—2 marble-top bedroom suits, one walnut, bedsteads, bureaus and washstands, 2 goose-feather beds, 3 hen-feather beds and bedding, mattresses, 100 yards ingrain carpet, 1 upholstered parlor suit, 1 haircloth do., 1 lounge, marble-top tables, cane-seated chairs and rockers, looking-glasses, secretary, sewing machine, window shades, 2 extension tables, one walnut, refrigerator, dishes and glassware, parlor heaters, kitchen range, tables, crockery, earthen and tinware, washtubs, churn, buckets and pans,—all to be sold without reserve, as I have rented my farm and have no further use for them.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, sharp.

Seven months credit on all sums of $20,00 and upward.

RICHARD CORSON.

ELIAS EASTBURN, Auct.
John G. Tabram, Clerk.

GET THE BEST.

J. H. KELLY'S

PIONEER SOAP

IS ADAPTED FOR

The Kitchen, the Laundry, the Bath Room, and is Free from Offensive Odor.

IT IS PRESSED IN CONVENIENTLY SHAPED CAKES.

It removes Stains of Oil, Paint, Tar, Grease, Ink, Etc.

Packed in Boxes of 50 & 100 lbs.

FOR SALE AT ALL GROCERS.

—FACTORY:—

PINE STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

Miscellaneous

LOOK!

***This is what we have to say about Shoes that will do you good:

SHOES!

Men's Fine Calf, dress,	$3.00	Men's Fine Dress, good,	$2.00
Men's Fine Dress,	1.25	Boy's Fine, good,	1.75
Boy's knock-about,	1.50	Ladies' Fine, extra good,	2.60
Ladies' Fine, good,	2.00	Ladies' Good everyday,	1.50
Misses' Fine, extra good,	1.50	Misses' Fine, good sp. heels,	1.25
Children's Fine sp. heels,	1,25	Children's good,	1.00

And Shoes of most every style and description,

AT ELMER E. JOHNSON'S

CASH STORE!

TULLYTOWN, PA.

To Atlantic City, $1.40. Six Hours on the Beach.

Special Sunday Excursions

VIA.

STR. "COLUMBIA" AND PHILA. and READING R. R.

Steamer "COLUMBIA" leaves Bristol at 7 A. M., Burlington, 7.15, Beverly, 7.30, Andalusia, 7.40, Torresdale, 7.50, and Riverton, 8 A. M. Connecting at Chestnut St. wharf with the Philadelphia & Reading R. R., arriving at Atlantic City at 11 A. M. Returning, leave Atlantic City at 4.45 P. M., connecting with Steamer "Columbia at 6 P. M.

Fare for Round Trip, $1.40

FROM RIVERTON, $1.30.

Bristol Advertisements

CHAS. WEEKS,
—DEALER IN—
Pure Lehigh Coal,
Lime, Sand, Stone, Wood, &c.,
OFFICE—Mill Street, above Radcliffe Street, Bristol, Pa.
Your trade is solicited.

MRS. JOHN HEAD,
No. 15 Bath St., Bristol.
Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, and Children's Clothes.
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

STILL AHEAD!
W. H. RAYLMOND,
—DEALER IN—
Groceries, Provisions,
ETC., ETC,
In the old "Co-operative Store,"
DORRANCE STREET, Bristol, Pa.

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer & dealer in
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine
Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,
Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.
A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3
Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

FRED. B. BOOZ,
—DEALER IN—
FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS,
A specialty in
TEAS AND COFFEES.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
COR. RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.
☞ Your trade is solicited.

STEAMBOAT
COLUMBIA,

The Steamer Columbia leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 7:00 A. M. and 4 P. M. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 2 and 6 o'clock P. M. Sundays leave Bristol at 7.00, 11 15 A. M. and 4 P. M. Returning leave Philada. at 9.15, A. M., 2 and 6 o'clock, P. M.
Fare 25c. Excursion 40c.
Freight carried at low rates.

FOR RENT.
CORNER BRICK HOUSE, MULBERRY and Cedar Streets. Apply to
WM. E. LAING.

JOHN NIMON,
DEALER IN FINE
Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,
FRESH DAILY.
My Teas and Coffees are the Best.
COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON SREETS.

TIN ROOFING
—OVER—
OLD SHINGLES.
A Tight Roof Guaranteed.
Tin Roofing and Spouting, Painting and Repairing Old Roofs
A SPECIALTY.
BEVAN & WILKINSON,
Nos. 8 and 10 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery
AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,
Radcliffe & Market Sts., Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman and Hudson and Mott Sts., Trenton, N. J.
FOUR STORES!
Immense quantities of goods bought for w prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.
Choice Roast, 10c. per lb. up.
Choice Steak, 12c. up. Stewing Meat, 4, 6, 8, 10
Gilt Edge Butter, 25c. per lb.

BURTON'S EXPRESS.
JOSHUA BURTON
is at all times prepared to do jobs of
HAULING
of every description, and at prices to suit the times.
Furniture handled with care.
Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No. 68 Mill street, will receive prompt attention.

ALBERT F. YEUTTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Radcliffe street near Market,
BRISTOL, PA.
A well selected stock of piece goods on hand which will be made up to suit customers. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Legal Advertisements

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ANN HAMILTON, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present the same for settlement without delay, to

ROBERT H. NEELY, Executor.

or his Attorney,
JOHN C STUCKERT,

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM TYROL, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

ANNA TYROL, Executrix.

or to J. C. STUCKERT, her att'y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ALLAN STOUT, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

MAHALA STOUT, Executrix.

or A. WEIR GILKESON, her Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of NEAL McILVAINE, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay, to

CHARLES McILVAINE,
NEAL J. McILVAINE,
or A. WEIR GILKESON, their Atty Executors.

Co-Partnership Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Co-Partnership has this day been formed between B. F. Gilkeson, A. Weir Gilkeson and William S. Wright, Attorneys-at-Law, for the purpose of conducting a general law practice under the firm name of B. F & A. Weir Gilkeson & William S. Wright. The office of the firm will be that heretofore occupied by B. F. Gilkeson.

B. F. GILKESON,
A. WEIR GILKESON,
WILLIAM S. WRIGHT.

Bristol, Pa., June 1, 1889.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court for the county of Bucks, to make distribution of the balance of $1,788 74 remaining in the hands of John Johnson, administrator of the estate of Adaline Henry, late of the township of Bensalem, deceased, and to pass upon the questions of law involved in the distribution of the said balance hereby gives notice that he will meet all parties interested in the said distribution at his office in the Borough of Bristol, on Saturday, July 27, 1889, at 11 o'clock, A. M., when and where they may attend if they see proper.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Auditor.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of SARAH D. WRIGHT, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

JAMES WRIGHT,
JOHN C. STUCKERT,
Administrators.

Why Should I Go to MONTANA?

Great Reservation. Because 18,000,000 acres of free Government land, with a delightful climate, and equally suited for general farming and stock raising, have just been opened to the homeseeker, in the Milk River Valley and near Benton and Great Falls.

Stock Raising. Because the favorable climate and superior grasses of Montana make it the natural home of horses, cattle, sheep and other domestic animals; and because winter feeding is not required, as stock grazes at large the year around.

General Farming. Because a rich soil and abundant summer rains produce wheat, oats, rye, barley and the grasses and vegetables of a quality, size and yield unsurpassed.

Mining. Because Montana produces more of the precious metals than any other state or territory, and abundant opportunities remain to secure valuable properties at nominal cost.

Immigration. Because the Great Reservation is the meeting point of settlers from the Pacific Coast and from the Eastern States, and is the only tract of good land left, suitable for settlement.

Business. Because the rapidly growing towns along the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry. offer splendid opportunities to engage in business.

Manufacturer. Because the 1,000,000 horse-power water-power at Great Falls, the extensive coal veins, the wool, mineral and grain raising resources of Montana offer exceptional opportunities to the manufacturer.

Tourist. Because the canon of the Gates of the Mountains, the Great Falls of the Missouri, the Giant Fountain and Continental Divide offer the most sublime and diversified scenery to be found on the Continent. Take a summer tour.

Why Travel by the St. P., M. & M.? Because only by it can you travel through the largest body of free land left for settlement. Because it reaches the Great Falls, with the largest water-power on the Continent. Because it reaches Helena, the richest city of its size in the world; and because it is the shortest and best route to Butte, the largest mining camp on earth. Special tourists' and landseekers' rates. Daily trains through solid to Montana. Choice of three routes to the Pacific Coast. Find out all about it by writing for "The Great Reservation," and "Tourists' Summer Guide." For further information, rates, maps, etc., apply to F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry, St. Paul, Minn.

NOBODY ELSE.

Two little hands, so careful and brisk,
Putting the tea things away,
While mother is resting a while in her chair,
For she has been busy all day.
And the dear little fingers are working for love,
Although they are tender and wee.
"I'll do it so nicely," she says to herself;
There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered up stairs,
For papa will quickly be here,
And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire
That is burning so bright and so clear;
Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch—
"He cannot come in without me.
When mother is tired I open the door—
There's nobody else, you see."

* * * * * * * *

Two little arms around papa's dear neck,
And a soft, downy cheek 'gainst his own;
For out of the nest so cozy and bright
The little one's mother has flown.
She brushes the tear drops away as she thinks:
"Now he has no one but me.
I mustn't give way; that would make him so sad,
And there's nobody else, you see."

Two little tears on the pillow, unshed,
Dropped from the two pretty eyes;
Two little arms stretching out in the dark;
Two little, faint, sobbing cries.
"Papa forgot I was always waked up
When he whispered good night to me.
Oh, mother, come back, just to kiss me in bed—
There's nobody else, you see."

Little true heart, if mother can look
Out from her home in the skies,
She will not pass to her haven of rest
While the tears dim her little one's eyes.
If God has shed sorrow around us just now.
Yet his sunshine is ever to be,
And he is the comfort for every one's pain—
There's nobody else, you see.

—Mary Hodges.

Preservation of the Eyesight.

The best preservative of eyesight is outdoor exercise. A cold bath every morning stimulates the circulation, and with an active bounding of the blood through the arteries assimilation and elimination bring about good results. Heated rooms with poor illumination are a prolific source of weak eyes. Reading or writing with the light falling on the page and reflecting its rays into the eyes often brings about a spasm of the little muscles which govern the accommodation, and the result is to exhaust the eyes. The light should always come from behind the individual, and fall obliquely over the left shoulder. People who indulge in overfeeding, are careless about clothing, travel with damp feet, or dine irregularly, all suffer sooner or later from defective vision. A habit quite common among fashionable ladies, to whom nature has denied a black or brown eye, is to seek the secrets of the chemist's shop, and apply a weak solution of belladonna or homatropine to dilate the pupil and render the cornea more brilliant. Even the cologne bottle has been drained of its contents to give brilliancy to the eye. Such habits are only to be spoken of to be condemned. Let the natural lubricant be the only cosmetic used. See that the tear ducts are kept healthy by proper means and nature will then do her duty.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Were Mammoths Once Food for Men?

At a recent meeting of the Scientific society of Copenhagen Professor Steenstrup gave an account of the result of his examination of the great mammoth deposit at Predmost, in Moravia. Dr. Wankel and Professor Maschka, who have devoted much attention to the subject, are of opinion that the mammoths whose remains are found in this district were killed by man, and that their bodies were dragged thither to be eaten. Professor Steenstrup, on the contrary, holds that the mammoths themselves sought the locality and that they must have died from want of water, or from some other cause with which man had nothing to do. The splits in the remains are due, he thinks, to the action of water and sand, and afford no support to the notion that the knuckles were cleft for the sake of the marrow. It is certain that some of the bones have been exposed to the action of fire, but Professor Steenstrup maintains that the traces of fire may be due to the fact that fires were at one time lighted upon them. On some of them decorative lines have been scratched, but these may have been made long after the mammoth was extinct in Moravia.—Nature.

Colored Snow Storms.

Colored snow storms were recorded as long ago as the Sixth century, and a shower of red hail is said by Humboldt to have once occurred in Palermo. In Tuscany, on March 14, 1813, there fell hail of an orange color. In 1808 red snow fell to a depth of over five feet in Carniola, Germany. The storm of colored snow was followed by one of the regulation color, and the effect produced by the separate layers of red and white, which were perfectly distinct, was very peculiar. A portion of the scarlet snow was melted in a vessel and the water evaporated, when a fine, rose colored, earthy sediment was found at the bottom. Snow of a brick red hue fell in Italy in 1816 and in the Tyrol in 1847. In the first volume of Kane's "Arctic Exploration" it is stated that when the ship passed the "Crimson Cliffs of Sir John Ross" the patches of red snow from which they derive their name could be seen at a distance of fully ten miles.—Exchange.

Rights and Lefts.

Shakespeare makes nineteen allusions to boots, thirty-two to shoes and seven to slippers and pumps. One, which is considered important as denoting the fashion in Shakespeare's time, is that from "King John":

> Standing on slippers which his nimble haste
> Had falsely thrust on contrary feet.

Dr. Johnson's commentary on this a century ago was: "Shakespeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes." It is a well established fact that shoes were worn "rights and lefts" three hundred years, at least, before Shakespeare's time, but the custom had fallen somewhat into disuse, and hence the lexicographer erred in his criticism.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A Theory on Animal Showers.

There is one case, related in the "Book of Days," of a colony of rats, while migrating in vast numbers from the high to the low countries of Norway having been overtaken by a whirlwind, in which they were caught up and carried to a neighboring valley, where the astonished and perhaps terrified inhabitants were treated to a veritable rat shower. It has been suggested that the frogs which have fallen in this manner may have been really hatched in the air—the eggs having been drawn up into the atmosphere by the action of a waterspout and held in suspension with aqueous particles long enough to hatch them out and give them perfect form, afterward returning to the earth with the rain drops in accordance with the law of attraction of gravitation. It is, at all events, quite certain that other things besides vapor are oftentimes translated from earth to atmosphere by certain well known and accredited developments of natural laws.

No Further Need of the Lamp.

Over beyond Kate's mountain the colored brethren were holding a series of "shouting services" in a little meeting house with one big lamp. Late one evening a big youth got up to "fess his sins." He made the frankest and fullest confession of the series. He owned up to every crime in the calendar and every sin in the decalogue. He kept on and on with a florid fluency which roused his hearers almost to the hysterical point. Suddenly a voice from the rear broke in: "Put out dat lamp." "Why for?" demanded the presiding clergyman excitedly. "Kase the viles' sinner done return," said the voice. And there the confessor collapsed.—Philadelphia Record.

Wanted a Man.

A new story about Washington is told in Mr. Lodge's new volume, on the authority of Marshall. He had sent out an officer to cross a river for information on which the next day's march would depend. The officer was long absent, and returned without the intelligence, saying that the night was dark and stormy, the river full of ice, and that he could not get across. "Washington glared at him a moment, seized a large leaden inkstand from the table, hurled it at the offender's head, and said, with a fierce oath, 'Be off, and send me a man!' The officer went, crossed the river and brought back the information."

WOMEN WORTH MILLIONS.

LARGE WEALTH IN THE POSSESSION OF MAIDS AND WIDOWS.

Million-Heiresses Not Unusual in Plenty of American Cities—Wealthy Women with Fads—The Cattle Queens Who Have Piles of Money—Rich Californians.

The rich women of America have been talked of and written about until some folks imagine impecunious foreign nobles do nothing but scheme to get at their hands and settlements. But the fact is the United States are full of wealthy women, full indeed of female millionaires who marry plain American citizens and settle down on this side the pond to useful and ornamental lives just like their less richly dowered sisters. Some of them even have large families, in spite of the dictum that there shouldn't be more than two children to inherit one million.

There are indeed many more million-heiresses in this country than in any other. Here millionaires divide their property with some fairness between sons and daughters alike. As there are more millionaires and more daughters there are necessarily more million-heiresses. Some of these Monte Cristos in petticoats are as well known to readers of the public prints as are the prominent politicians, baseball players and race horses of this glorious clime. Others have yet to dazzle the world with their ducats.

ONE WORTH THIRTY MILLIONS.

Wealthy women can afford fads. Most of them have fads, and their fads are apt to be described in print and to make their possessors and promoters famous. Mrs. Mary J. Morgan had just as many millions before the sale of her orchids and porcelain several years ago as her estate was worth afterwards. But the orchid sale was telegraphed and wondered at all over the country. There's Mrs. Mark Hopkins, of Nob Hill, San Francisco, and Great Barrington, Mass. Her estate of $30,000,000 is said to show signs of able management. She has the building fad and is constantly putting up palaces.

Miss St. Bierre—how many readers ever heard of her?—is a million-heiress, and a modest and pretty one, too, down in Tennessee. There she owns several hundred thousand acres of mining lands, and has business enterprises in the vicinity of Chattanooga which, it is said, have cost $1,330,000 to organize. Miss Elizabeth Garrett inherited one-third of John W. Garrett's $37,000,000, was her father's confidential secretary while he was president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and advised him on many occasions. She has been the head of the family since Robert Garrett's decline. Her fortune is said to be unimpaired, although her brother's has been sadly depleted.

Miss Gwendoline Caldwell is one of the famous Caldwell sisters, whose pet projects have mostly had relation to the Catholic church, which they so love. The Caldwell girls have long been known as million-heiresses in Baltimore and New York. Wealthy women have for years been much more common than beautiful women in the aristocratic seaside resort of Little Rhody. It was at Newport that Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, the million-heiress, lived and died.

It is at Newport that Mme. Barrios, who is a property owner and resident of New York and a citizen to the world, is seen to the best advantage. She has the godlike gifts of both beauty and millions. Mme. Barrios, the dashing young and brunette widow of the dictator of Guatemala, is worth not less than $4,000,000 or $5,000,000, which before the climax of his turbulent career her husband had the good sense to invest securely for her in Paris and New York. A South American, who has been for several years contemplating, like Mme. Barrios, a removal of her residence to New York, is Dona Isadora Cousino, who bears off even above "Hetty" Green's head the palm of being "the richest woman in the world." Dona Isadora isn't as young by half as Mme. Barrios, and while she may in her time have been as beautiful, she hasn't even now as many pretty daughters to plead her cause. Dona Isadora's agents here began preparing "a palace" for her on Fifth avenue, but the fickle and fascinating salt-gold-coal-ranch-and-cattle queen seems to have changed her mind. She has not yet deprived Chili of the golden splendor of her presence.

Mrs. Maurice B. Flynn, who was Miss Moss, is no doubt worth a million, or almost that sum, since her husband left his entire estate to her. It is more and more customary for rich men in this country to leave their property to their wives. San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Philadelphia, Boston and Pittsburg have plenty of wealthy women whose millions come in this way.

PHILADELPHIA'S LONG LIST.

Mrs. Alexander Ray is one of Washington's millionaire widows. Her husband was a well known miller. Miss Jennie Riggs is said to be one of the richest single women at the national capital. She inherited a million or two from her father to guard zealously from fortune hunters.

Mrs. Rogers, one of the Texas cattle queens, became by her husband's will owner of a herd of 40,000 cattle. She married a preacher twenty years younger than herself. He had had seven children and she took care of them. She also takes care of her cattle business, with which the young husband is not permitted to interfere. Texas, however, is full of cattle queens. Colorado has several said to be worth their millions.

Philadelphia is said to have several women millionaires, as follows: Mrs. J. Campbell Harris, said to be worth $5,000,000; Mrs. Thomas A. Scott, $3,000,000; her daughter, Mrs. Howell Bickley, $3,000,000; Mrs. Joseph Harrison, $2,000,000; Mrs. M. W. Baldwin, $2,000,000; Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, $2,000,000; Mrs. J. Edgar Thomson, $1,500,000; Mrs. H. S. Benson, $1,500,000; Mrs. Richard Townsend, one of the prospective heirs to an estate of $15,000,000; the three daughters of Mr. F. A. Drexel, each worth several millions, and one of them now married; Miss Helen Erben, worth $1,000,000; the Misses Pugh, $500,000; Mrs. Thomas Clyde, more than $1,000,000; Mrs. John Bohlen, $500,000; Mrs. St. George Tucker Campbell, $500,000; Mrs. William Wilstach, $2,000,000, and Mrs. Thomas Balch and her daughter, $500,000.

The richest woman on the Pacific coast is Mrs. Mark Hopkins, widow of one of the Central Pacific syndicate. Her husband's estate proved up to $25,000,000, and the only two men in California who could justify on the widow's bond as executrix were Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker. They were compelled to justify in twice the amount of the estate and each swore that he was worth $46,000,000. Mrs. Hopkins is an elderly woman. The Hopkinses had no children, but had adopted a son whom Mrs. Hopkins married to a Miss Crittenden, a protege of hers, providing her with the dot of a princess.

The richest young and unmarried woman on the Pacific coast is said to be Miss Jennie Flood, only daughter of the bonanza king. The richest prospective heiress in California is Miss Hattie Crocker, the only daughter of Charles Crocker, another of the railroad syndicate. She also is, like Miss Flood, rather plain in appearance. She is noted for her charities and domestic virtues.—New York World.

The Rev. Dr. McBride, rector of the Episcopal church at Aberdeen, S. D., experienced, as it were, quite a "shock" a few days ago while traveling across the Dakota prairies in a railway car. There was a woman in a seat near him with whom as the train jaunted along he fell into conversation—or, rather more like, she fell into conversation with him. His solemn garb of "decent black" attracted her eye, and she finally asked him what church he represented. "I'm an Episcopalian," replied the traveling rector. She turned a disdainful eye upon him and remarked with a sigh: "Well, I suppose that's better than nothing; I'm a Methodist myself." And she adjusted her glasses and looked out upon the fleeting scenery with a smile of contentment, such as one may bear who is already traveling the heavenly journey by the Methodist route.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Wise Sayings.

Slow work is sure work.

Perhaps never wins a victory.

There are fifty ways to tell a lie.

Hard workers are usually honest.

Next to faith in God is faith in labor.

Ever look forward, and—"Remember Lot's wife."

If not wise to go with the crowd, it is inconvenient to go against it.

Do the duty of the present and future duties will be provided for.

STATE BALL IN ENGLAND.

THE ROYAL ENTERTAINMENTS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

A Lively Description of the Ceremonies Which Are Necessary Before Princes and Princesses Can Have a Good Time—Only the Very Elect Are Present.

Invitations to state functions are eagerly coveted and are distributed with eccentricity. Foreign ambassadors and representatives are bidden to all state festivities, viz., to two balls and two concerts every season. These invitations include the ministers in office, with their wives and daughters, and the higher nobility. Then there are less exalted dignitaries who are invited to one ball and one concert only, and smaller personages still who are only bidden to one ball or even to only one ball in every two seasons. The humblest of these, however, must be comparatively high on the social ladder. To be of old family, a land owner, wealthy, of irreproachable character, possessed of a seat in parliament, diligent in attendance at levees and drawing rooms—all of these may not qualify for entrance into the magic circle. Yet many with fewer qualifications step in.

HOW GUESTS ARE INVITED.

What exactly is required is undefined and practically unknown. How the blanks obtain a card, and why the dashers are systematically ignored, affords an inexhaustible subject of conversation. Those who are fortunate enough to be on the list of guests which is submitted to her majesty for approval receive a plain card on which the lord chamberlain intimates that he is "commanded by the queen to invite Mr. So and So to a ball" on a given date at 10 o'clock. At most social entertainments it is fashionable to be late, or to be hurrying to and from some smarter or more select assembly. At the state ball, on the contrary, it is correct to appear before the time specified, that you may yourself receive your royal hosts when they deign to shed upon you the light of their august presence. The longer you elect to wait the greater is presumed to be your loyalty. If at a quarter past 10 you arrive at Buckingham palace you find already a brilliant throng assembled. At the palace door servants receive you who combine the utmost brilliance of raiment with the utmost deference of manner—a combination too rarely seen. No cards are asked for, no inquiries are made. For the queen's invited guests the state rooms are lavishly decorated and lighted. There is no dragoon to guard the portal, and all you have to do is to enter and enjoy. This is delightful.

SCENE IN THE BALLROOM.

It is in the ballroom that life centers. Imagine an immense gilded hall, along the sides of which run four rows of seats, covered with red satin, and rising tier above tier. At the bottom of the hall is a high gallery for the musicians; at the top is a dais raised a foot above the floor, on which gold chairs are ready for the princesses and potentates. Within the walls of that room are collected the rank, the beauty and the fashion of the "smartest" capital in Europe. The light of electric lamps is flashed back, soft, yet bright by glittering jewels, and shows the sheen of satin robes.

About 11 o'clock the band strikes up the national anthem, and the royalties enter in solemn procession. The queen is rarely present. The Princess of Wales fills her place and is the center of all eyes as she glides in under her tall diamond crown, and takes her seat in the center of the dais. The Prince of Wales throws an air of jollity over all this splendor. His children follow him, with such other royalties as happen to be in London. The ballroom never looks so well as when three royal princesses sit alone upon the dais with three diamond crowns, like the fairy tales of childhood. The princess and young princesses do not sit in state, but hover round, and chat and joke with each other; while the ladies in waiting form a long, dull row behind, without a spark of interest in their faces.

In the ballroom two circles are formed for dancing—one in front of the royalties, and the other lower down. In the former only those are supposed to dance who are in the prince's set, or who claim his acquaintance. Before each dance the royalties hold a family consultation to select their partners, and literally lay their heads together as they glance round the favored circle. When the choice has been made, the lord chamberlain comes down with a message to the honored guest; the partners selected for the princesses come up and wait upon the floor till the royal ladies descend and accept their guidance. The princes step down and approach their partners, who await their coming near at hand. Royalties, however, dance very much with each other. The square dances are much curtailed; in these the Princess of Wales never walks backward, but merely pauses until the music sounds another advance. Round dances have a charming effect. When the royal personages join in the valse all the other airy whirling figures melt suddenly away, while the princes and princesses circle round alone with their partners in the cleared space. Should you know a royal personage it is necessary to be on the alert lest they should look your way, when the lady must at once bend the knee with a swift ducking gesture. A man merely bows. The effect of this ducking as a prince passes on reminds one of a gust of wind bending a field of flowers.

REFRESHMENTS FOR GUESTS.

All this time refreshments are served to guests in out of the way corners. But soon after 12 o'clock the doors of the great supper room are thrown open, and the Princess of Wales rises to head a procession of royalties, which files down the ballroom between two lines of bowing guests. If you have been overlooked by royal eyes now is your opportunity. Watch closely as they pass, and you may yet touch a royal hand. Loyal souls accompany the princes and princesses into supper, and stand at a respectful distance to see them eat. It is not etiquette to touch food until the greater personages are satisfied. These are very merry, particularly the Prince and Princess of Wales, who seem full of talk and airy jokes; with their children around them they give a pretty family feeling to the scene. The supper room is an interesting sight in itself, with solid gold plate of immense value arranged on and over the sideboard. When the royalties have returned to the ballroom the guests fall to upon the supper, which is excellent. After supper dancing continues, but elderly people begin to long for bed, and slink away unperceived. Eyes tire of all this brilliance, but it is not etiquette to leave while royalty remains. At the last the rush for carriages is fearful. How long it seems to wait in the dreamy vestibule, hearing everybody's carriage called except one's own. Ere you drive away day has broken and bathes a sleeping city in its calm, clear light.—London News.

One Kind of Appreciation.

The Man About Town chanced to drop into a fashionable downtown restaurant at lunch time a few days ago, and after seating himself noticed, at an adjoining table, two prominent business men, either of whom, according to general belief, could reckon his wealth in the neighborhood of a cool million. They were in the best of spirits, and as they sat over their wine the eldest of the two said to his companion: "By the way, ——, I haven't seen young —— for some time; is he still in your employ?" "Oh, yes; he is still keeping my books, and is such an invaluable fellow that I do not see very well how I could do without him. He is so completely reliable and intelligent that he relieves me entirely of any annoying details of business, and I can assure you that it takes a burden from off my shoulders."

The other nodded thoughtfully as he sipped his wine, and after a moment's pause said: "I have always regarded him quite highly, and sometimes when worried with inefficient men, envied you your good fortune in possessing such an admirable clerk. You pay him handsomely for his services, I suppose." "Well, his salary is small, and he has quite a family growing up, but he never complains. Truthfully, I give him only $15 a week, and have often thought it was really insufficient, but then business is dull and competition has played hob with prices. If I could afford it, I think I should do a little better by him."

Without further comment they arose, and the younger man laid down a $10 bill in payment for the lunch and received 50 cents in change. He asked for two cigars, and after balancing his change on the end of his finger, handed it to the cashier in payment for the cigars and strolled out.—St. Louis Republic.

MENTALITY IN DOGS.

INSTINCT SAID TO BE AN INSUFFICIENT EXPLANATION.

There Is a Nobler Quality in Dogs Than Mere Type—Why Did Gypsy and Lion Always Give Special Protection to Women and Children?—Other Evidences.

Do fanciers ever realize that there is something in dogs that, in its dim and glimmering way, corresponds to intelligence in man? Perhaps my term of mentality may be objected to as too pretentious, but I know of no better title for that peculiar faculty shown in the pre-eminently useful breeds of dogs. Instinct hardly goes far enough, for that is a quality possessed by all animals, while none but dogs commonly show the apparent use of a reasoning power, an ability to distinguish between cases and the course of action called for under varying circumstances. For instance, a cow will sometimes learn how to pull the peg inserted behind a gate to keep it shut, or to press down a pump handle to draw water, or a horse will know his way home over a road he has traveled but once, etc. But all these seem but imitative in their character. To illustrate, I must quote instances in the breeds I know best, i. e. mastiffs and bobtails, and must be forgiven if I repeat stories that I have told in the past.

What prompted my Gypsy (before she departed for the canine paradise she certainly earned) or what now prompts her son Lion when a woman or a child goes off the place, particularly after dark, that they will go along if they can? If a man goes, they are somewhat indifferent, but if prevented from following a woman or child, they would and will fret in a distracted way. What taught them that women and children needed a protection that full grown men didn't? Why will Lion allow the housemaid to hammer the hired man and only frets and fumes, pushing himself between them, whining and barking, but if the case is reversed and the man hammers the woman, he jumps on the former, knocks him down if possible, or catches his arm or leg? The man feeds him, looks after him, and as far as association goes, the man should be the favored one, yet he never misses taking the part of the weaker party. (Of course, the hammerings are all in sport, serious work in that line would be very dangerous were any mastiff around that I have ever known.) What taught Gypsy, Lion, Boadicea, Bertha, Persephone, Lee's Turk, etc., that if the house was left without any of the family, or only one of the women, they must not go out of it until adequate protection returned? Why did the very old, crippled Maidstone Nellie bristle up her back, bare her teeth, growl like a tiger and advance at a crowd of roughs gathered at my gate? She paid no attention to them when they were quiet, but when the air became blue with curses, she took in the situation at once. When Hector was passing along a public road and saw a woman beating a child with great severity and the child howling, what impelled him to jump the fence, and without offering to hurt the woman, just growl at her and push between her and the victim of her brutal temper? Forty or fifty years since, Mr. J. W. Thompson's Juno was lying in a room and two tramps came into the adjoining hall and walked off with a piece of meat lying on the table in the hall; from whence came the impulse that directed Juno to follow them and bring them back to the house? She didn't see the theft. Why is it that any mastiff will bristle up and growl if a crowd assemble near his owner's premises, and stand looking, pointing, etc., at it?

What suggested the discrimination Gypsy made between the glazier she found cutting at a pane of glass in the house and the man who might pick up something in the yard? The former she knocked down, the latter she obliged to drop what he had taken, and she evidently recognized that one looked like burglary and the other was only petty larceny. Persephone didn't object to a stranger going to the front door, but when she saw a man go in the back door she followed and dragged him out of the house by the coat tail. Then the bobtail, Bob, drew on his inner consciousness for the knowledge that rams should not be allowed to fight, that corn thrown down to the chickens was not to be taken by the hogs, that a sick animal in the field must be laid aside by him, and all intruders must be kept at a respectful distance, that he must bark like all possessed if he found a sheep in such difficulty as being fastened by the hind leg in a wire fence, that all strange dogs must incontinently be chased out of fields where stock were; if no stock should happen to be in the field, Bob might have a play with a stranger, but let the latter cross the fence where the stock were, there would be war unless the stranger left at once. Dame Judith knows which cows are dry and which want milking after once seeing them; the cows which are left in the barnyard she knows are not needed, and afterward never brings them, while she does know that those taken into the stables are wanted there, and she will hunt all over a field to bring one that she knows is wanted, passing by a dozen times those she knows are not wanted. She also knows that strange dogs are improper visitors in fields with stock, but she differs from Bob in that she will attack such a trespasser with the utmost ferocity, while Bob simply drives them out of the field. Bob knows that a hen's nest found in a field must be promptly reported by barking until somebody comes for the eggs, but as the eggs are not gathered from a turkey's nest, Bob does not report the latter. Now, not one of the dogs I have mentioned ever received any specific training that led it to perform the work I have described; the mastiffs never received any training whatever.

The two bobtails were broken to drive stock, but never taught any of the things I have mentioned. To avoid any appearance of personal interest, I may say that of all the dogs mentioned, only three belonged to me. Of course, this mentality, or whatever it may be called, is not an original characteristic of dogs in their natural state. It is fair to presume that the special intelligence shown in particular fields of work is the result of training and use in such work of many generations of ancestors; in fact, no other contention is admissible, and it is certain that these proclivities are tolerably firmly fixed in certain breeds; that is, the mastiff has the watchdog qualities, the collie or the bobtail the stock caring instinct (par parenthesis, bobtails are elegant watchdogs), but fixed as these traits are, it is simply absurd to claim that they are inevitable attendants on the breeds; that is, that we can keep on breeding mastiffs in crowded kennels like so many black Essex pigs, and with as much attention to their mental and moral development as is given to a coop of Plymouth Rock fowls, and still retain their discriminating wisdom. To do this their owner must make them part of his family, part of his daily life, let them lie by his fireside, accompany him in his walks abroad, and learn to associate themselves with him and his.

What is now on my mind is to impress on all dog lovers that there is a nobler quality in dogs than type; that as our servants, friends and companions, their mentality is infinitely their most important quality, and while we may raise heaven and earth to shorten a mastiff's nose or lengthen a collie's, or corkscrew a pug's tail, let us keep in mind what it is that makes a dog "the friend of man."—W. Wade in Illustrated Kennel Magazine.

Southern Negro Superstitions.

Women in the north have trouble enough over the servant girl question, but their ways are paths of pleasantness compared with those of southern women—except that the southern woman is less disturbed over the more serious situation. When a Virginia woman wants to change girls she is compelled to go at least three days without any help at all. The kitchen help is black, of course, and superstitious. No colored girl will go into a house until three days after the retiring help has vanished, for fear of being "tricked"—in other words, hoodooed, placed under a spell—by the dismissed help. Whatever the colored person doesn't understand he fears. He is full of superstitions, believes in good luck from the rabbit foot when in his own possession and in bad luck when it is "put on him." Not long ago a large number of negroes were on a Virginia railroad platform waiting for a train to take them to a picnic ground. A Boston drummer, with a face as serious as a parson's, took a piece of chalk and a rabbit foot and in the most business like way began to make crosses on the backs of the negroes and touch them with the rabbit foot. The crowd broke for the woods in a panic and there was no picnic that day.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A SLUMBER SONG.

Baby, you stand by a gate that leads
Into a land of dreams;
There's a drowsy watchman here who heeds
Never the straggling gleams
Of light that stray from the far off sun—
Always for him its twinkling begun—
And we stand by the gate,
And watch and wait,
And watch—and wait!

Little one, hear what the stream sings of
Here in this quiet land;
It sings of the joy of mother love—
Sings to birds in the sand—
To the strange, tall birds, with dreamy eyes,
That look at you, dear, in mute surprise,
While we stand by the gate,
And watch and wait,
And watch—and wait!

If you open the gate no one will know;
The guard will never guess
You must open it gently, slowly—so!
No one has heard, unless
Those dreamful birds, or the dreamland sheep,
Heard you stealing through their land of sleep
While I stood by the gate,
To watch and wait,
And watch—and wait!

O strange are the birds and the sheep that dwell
Here in the land of dreams!
But you must not see, and you must not tell,
However strange it seem.
Or they'll never let you in again,
And it would not please you, baby, then,
Just to stand by the gate,
And watch and wait,
And watch—and wait!

—Meredith Nicholson in Indianapolis Journal.

The Chinese Have No Nerves.

An English physician, residing in China, points out that the most characteristic difference between the Chinaman and the Caucasian of Europe lies in the former's lack of nervousness. We in America, who have seen the Chinaman working incessantly in his little laundry, shall find no difficulty in believing the statements of the English physician when he says: "The Chinaman can write all day, he can work all day, he can stand for a whole day in one position, weaving, hammering gold or cutting ivory, without once being attacked by nervousness. This peculiarity makes itself apparent in early youth. The Chinaman can bear any kind of bodily exercise. Sport and play are to him unnecessary labor. He can sleep anywhere and in any position—amid thundering machines, deafening noises, the cry of children or the wrangle of grown people; on the ground, in bed or on a chair." In his own innocent way the Chinaman is almost a Sybarite.—New York News.

Three Rude Scamps Well Answered.

Two or three idle young men were lounging around a street corner the other evening just as the down town stores were sending home their employes. "Let's have some fun with the girls!" said the ringleader of the trio. "See that girl in the front seat of the grip? Let's speak to her!" Then, as the car stopped at the corner, the impudent fellow tipped his hat, with, "Why, how do you do, Kitty Johnson!" "Why," says another, "if that isn't Kitty Johnson!" "How d'ye do, Kitty!" said the third. The young lady, a young, pretty, ladylike girl, was surprised and indignant. Her face grew red and white by turns. Most of the passengers understood the situation. Finally, the girl, her eyes twinkling with merriment, and conscious of the support of her fellow passengers, answered in a clear, ringing voice that every passenger could hear: "Why, how do you do, Tom, Dick and Harry? When did you get out of jail? Who went bail for you all?" The car started up amid a storm of applause, while the dudes on the corner smiled sickly grins at each other.—Chicago Journal.

A Great Editor's Grave.

As you pass through Cave Hill cemetery, along the avenue that runs just to the northward of the public vaults, you will, perhaps, see the grave of George D. Prentice. You will doubtless be astonished to see it marked by one of the smallest and cheapest pieces of marble to be found in the cemetery. Near to this grave are those of Mrs. Prentice and of Clarence Prentice, the son of George D. I mentioned this to a gentleman who was a friend of the great editor and poet, and who is familiar with the facts connected with the closing years of his life. He said:

"For over fifteen years after Prentice's death his grave was unmarked by any stone whatever.

"Prentice died poor. His last days were passed in a little furnished room in the yard of his son Clarence, who owned a farm near the country place of the late Dr. Standiford, on the Preston street road. His wife died many years before he did."—Louisville Post.

Miscellaneous

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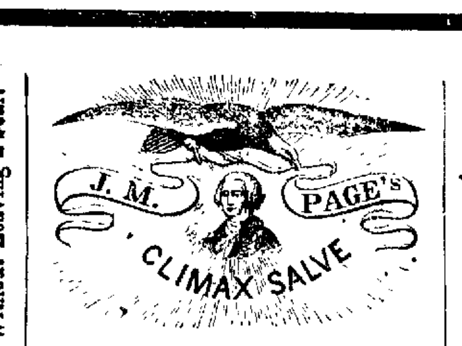

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No. 717.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Penna., at the close of business, July 12th, 1889.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$[illegible],536 43
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	59,541 94
Due from approved reserve agents	62,940 14
Due from other National Banks	1,531 95
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	9,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,261 10
Checks and other cash items	688 86
Bills of other Banks	1,451 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	1 37
Specie	14,215 80
Legal tender notes	16,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$649,504 29

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92,220 00
Surplus fund	95,000 00
Undivided profits	12,742 85
National Bank notes outstanding	22,700 00
Dividends unpaid	451 80
Individual deposits subject to check	374,118 02
Due to other National Banks	50,807 05
Due to State Banks and bankers	1,461 57
TOTAL	$649,504 29

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 19th day of July, 1889.

W. H. H. FINE, Notary Public.

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